THE LIBERATOR
— IS PUBLISHED —
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
— AT THE —
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, General Agent.

☞ TERMS — Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, in advance.

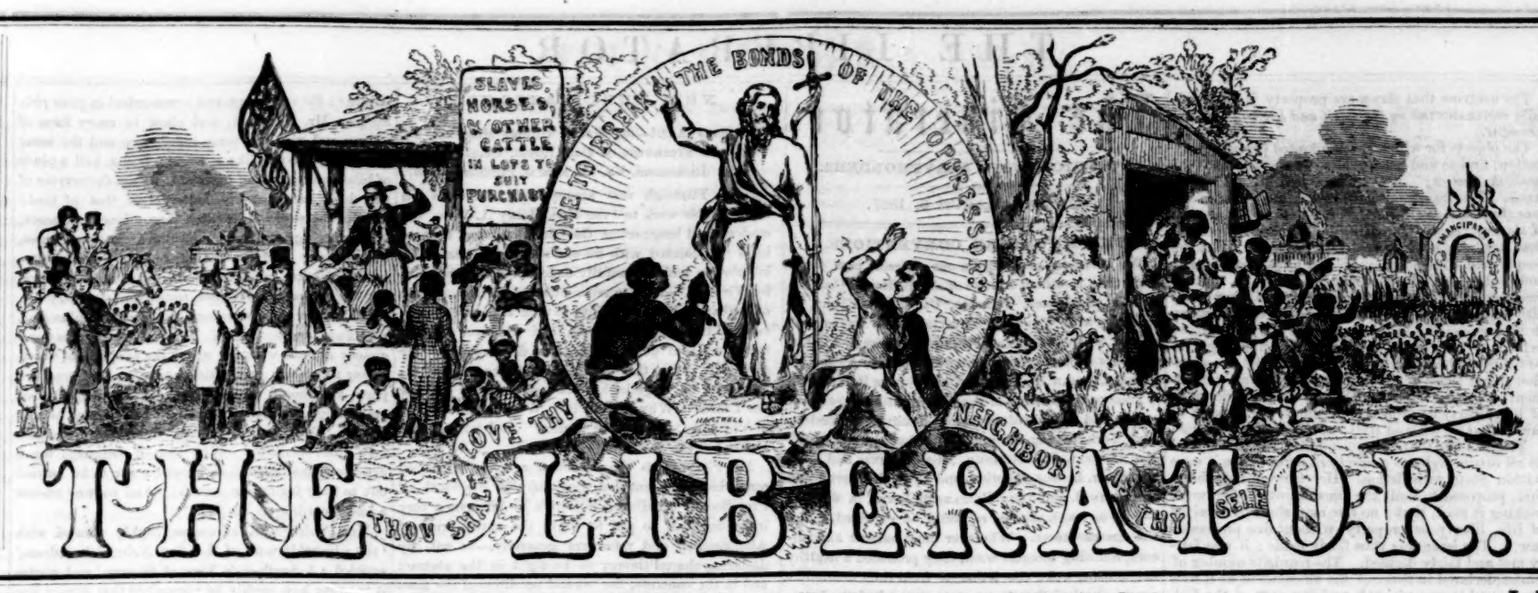
☞ Five copies will be sent to one address for TEN DOLLARS, if payment be made in advance.

☞ All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed, (POST PAID,) to the General Agent.

☞ Advertisements making less than one square inserted three times for 75 cents — one square for $1.00.

☞ The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery Societies are authorised to receive subscriptions for THE LIBERATOR.

☞ The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts of the paper, viz: — FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY LORING, EDMUND QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILBRICK, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.


SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF
THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.'

☞ 'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but *they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke.* On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWERVED FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and *must walk in it.* To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.' — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 10. BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1857. WHOLE NUMBER, 1365.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

DESIGNS OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Extracts from a work, recently published by A. Morris, Richmond, (Va.) entitled 'Cannibals All! or, Slaves without Masters.' By George Fitzhugh, of Port Royal, Caroline, (Va.)

We call into court Horace Greeley, Wm. Goodell, Gerrit Smith, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Stephen Pearle Andrews, and propose to prove by them (the actual leaders and faithful exponents of abolition,) that their object, and that of their entire party, is not only to abolish Southern slavery, but to abolish also, or greatly to modify, the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, the institution of private property of all kinds, but especially separate ownership of lands, and the institution of Christian churches as now existing in America. We further charge, that whilst actively engaged in attempts to abolish Southern slavery, they are busy, with equal activity and more promise of success, in attempts to upset and re-organize society at the North.

In convening these gentlemen as witnesses, and also arraigning them on trial, we are actuated by no feelings of personal ill will or disrespect. We address them all, and have had kindly intercourse and correspondence with some of them. They are historical characters, who would seek notoriety in order to further their schemes of setting the world to rights. We have no doubt of their sincere philanthropy, and as little doubt that they are only 'paving hell with good intentions.' We speak figuratively. We shall try their cause in the most calm and judicial temper. * * *

We know less of Mr. Garrison than of either of the other gentlemen. He heads the extreme wing of the Socialists, Infidel, Woman's Rights, Agrarian and Abolition party, who are called Garrisonians. He edits the *Liberator*, which is conducted with an ability worthy of a better cause. He and his followers seem to admit that the Bible and the Constitution recognize and guarantee slavery, and therefore denounce both, and propose disunion, and no priests or churches, as measures to attain abolition. Mr. Garrison usually presides at their meetings, and we infer their principles and doctrines from the materials that compose those meetings. A Wise Woman will rise, and utter a philippic against Marriage, the Bible, and the Constitution,—and will be followed by negro Remond, who 'spits upon Washington,' and complains of the invidious distinction of calling whites Anglo-Saxons, and negroes Africans. And now, Phillips arises,

'Armed with hell-flames and fury,'

and gently begins, in tones more dulcet, and with action more graceful than Belial, to

'Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell!
Uproar the universal peace—
Destroy all unity on earth.'

Then Mr. Parker will edify the meeting by stirring up to bloody deeds in Kansas or in Boston—in which, as becomes his cloth, he takes no part—and ends by denouncing things in general, and the churches and parsons in particular. And, probably, the whole will conclude with a general indulgence and remission of sins from Mr. Andrews, who assumes, for the nonce, the character of Father Confessor, and assures the tender conscience that it is right and incumbent to take the oath to sustain the Constitution, with the deliberate purpose of violating it, because such oaths are taken under moral duress. These Garrisonians are as intellectual men as any in the nation. They lead the Black Republican party, and control the politicians. Yet are they deadly enemies of Northern as well as of Southern institutions. * * * *

The materials, as well as the proceedings of the infidel, woman's rights, negro's rights, free-every thing and anti-every school, headed and conducted in Boston, by Garrison, Parker, Phillips, and their associate women and negroes, show that they too are busy with 'assiduous wedges' in loosening the whole frame of society, and preparing for the glorious advent of Free Love and No-Government. All the Infidel and Abolition papers in the North betray a similar tendency. The Abolitionists of New York, headed by Gerrit Smith and Wm. Goodell, are engaged in precisely the same projects, but being Christians, would dignify Free Love and No-Government with the appellation of a Millenium. Probably half the Abolitionists at the North expect a great social revolution soon to occur by the advent of the Millenium. If they would patiently await that event, instead of attempting to get it up themselves, their delusions, however ridiculous, might at least be innocuous. But these progressive Christian Socialists differ not at all from the Infidel Socialists of Boston. They are equally intent and busy in pulling down the priesthood, and abolishing or dividing all property—seeing that whether the denouement be Free Love or a Millenium, the destruction of all existing human relations and human institutions is pre-requisite to their fruition. * * *

Mr. Phillips is, in private life, aside from his abolition and sectional prejudices, a worthy, accomplished gentleman. He is the most eloquent and graceful speaker to whom we ever listened. He seems to distil manna and ambrosia from his lips, but is all the while firing whole broadsides of hot shot. 'He is his own antithesis'—an infernal machine set to music.

* * * * *

A Southerner employs the term 'discussion,' as equivalent to agitation; for the South does not proscribe the discussion of any subject, by proper persons, at proper places, and on proper occasions. (Who are proper persons, and what proper times and places, must be left to a healthy, just and enlightened public opinion to determine.) But men shall not lecture our children, in the streets, on the beauties of infidelity; parsons shall not preach politics from the pulpit; women shall not crop the pet-beast, mount the rostrum, and descant on the purity of Free Love; incendiaries shall not make speeches against the right of landholders, nor teach our negroes the sacred doctrines of liberty and equality.

We are satisfied with our institutions, and are not willing to submit them to the 'experimentum in vile corpus!' If the North thinks her own worthless, or only valuable as subjects for anatomical dissection, or chemical and phrenological experiments, she may advance the cause of humanity, by treating her people as philosophers do mice and hares and dead frogs. We think her case not so desperate as to authorize such reckless experimentation. Though her experiment has failed, she is not yet dead. There is a way still open for recovery.

As we are a Brother Socialist, we have a right to prescribe for the patient; and our Consulting Brethren, Messrs. Garrison, Greeley, and others, should duly consider the value of our opinion. Extremes meet—and we and the leading Abolitionists differ but a hairbreadth. We, like Carlyle, prescribe more of Government; they insist on No-Government. Yet their social institutions would make excellently conducted Southern sugar and cotton farms, with a head to govern them. Add a Virginia overseer to Mr. Greeley's Phalansteries, and Mr. Greeley and we would have little to quarrel about.

From the Troy Daily Times, Republican.

FANATICAL ABOLITIONISM.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison on the Platform.—He Spreads Himself Considerably.— Pitches into Religion, Government and Society, 'all sorts.' — Fails to find Virtue in the ranks of any Political Party.— Dissolves the Union and Annihilates the Constitution.— Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Charles Lenox Remond greet the sinful inhabitants of Troy.

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' HAMLET.

We went to Rand's Hall last night; we couldn't avoid going; we wouldn't for a pretty considerable sum have missed the exhibition which was advertised to be given there at the moderate price of ten cents a head. Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Charles Lenox Remond—Ethiopic eloquence and Puritanic thunder, on one and the same evening, at ten cents a head.

There was not a large audience. Say a hundred and twenty-five persons, scattered, with the 'most lavish profusion,' over about one half the capacious hall; here an uncomfortable Dogberry, muffled up to the ears in overcoat and shawl, planted himself plump beside the heater; there an independent Sykesey stationed himself in a position commanding a range of a vacant aisle, which he amused himself by bombarding with copious discharges of saliva. There were about a dozen ladies present; some of whom busied themselves with their knitting and crochet needles during the entire evening. About twenty colored persons were promiscuously scattered about among their white brethren. In short, it was a pleasant little family party, with no crowding, or treading on one another's corns.

The great lion of the evening, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, opened the exercises by reading in solemn tone, and with sanctimonious whine, chapter xviii. of the Book of Jeremiah, in which, by inuendo, all manner of denunciation was hurled at the heads of the sinful people of this Heaven-forsaken land, because they hearken not unto the voice of wrath. Mr. Garrison emphasized the particular passages of his text, by lifting his eyes over his spectacle rims, and glaring ferociously at his audience, in a manner much in vogue among 'men of peace' of his particular calibre.

Charles Lenox Remond, Esq., the distinguished colored lawyer of Massachusetts, then made his appearance and his best bow. Remarking that although he had been advertised to speak, he felt his auditors would not pardon him if he should monopolize much of the time which could be so much more profitably occupied by his brother Garrison, he proceeded to deliver a speech of nearly an hour's length, in which he exerted himself, greatly to the amusement of his hearers, and evidently much to his own satisfaction, to prove that the time has come when the people of the sixteen free States of the Union must rise to sweep the blighting curse of slavery from this land, or be prepared to acknowledge that they themselves are slaves. The curse of the slave oligarchy has, in his opinion, extended itself all over the length and breadth of this land, and holds everything in its iron grasp. If white men would not be serfs, they must arise to shake it off. We must do Mr. Remond the justice to say that he is a very fine speaker, and altogether more sensible and practicable in his ideas than the person who succeeded him upon the stand.

We make no apology whatever for giving a small portion of the speech of Mr. Garrison, in the peculiar language which has made that man so famous. We are sure our readers will not accuse us of sympathy with his hot-headed ravings, and insane, impracticable, nonsensical theories; and we are equally sure that they would not pardon us if we should neglect to give them some of his most striking thoughts in print. We consider his party a farce, his teachings a farce, the whole operation of ultra abolitionism, viewed in its numerous aspects, a farce—or rather, it reminds us of Bedlam let loose. And of all the ranting, howling crew, from Wendell Phillips down to the Rev. T. W. Higginson, Garrison is the most bitter and uncompromisingly ultra, and, of course, the most rabidly insane. * * *

We have made no attempt to *report* this ranting Garrisonian speech, but have simply given some of its most striking points—to be embodied in every future collection of literary curiosities. Comment upon it is unnecessary. After perusing this meagre sketch, our readers can judge for themselves what analogy there is between hot-headed Abolitionism and pure, simple Republicanism.

The attendance at Rand's Hall, last evening, to hear Wm. Lloyd Garrison of Boston talk on slavery, was not large—not more than ninety persons were in the Hall at any time during the evening.

At about eight o'clock, Mr. Garrison came forward. He is a tall, large-brained, clerical-looking gentleman, about 60 years of age. (!) He speaks earnestly, but with less animation than he did ten years since. He commenced the evening exercises by reading some verses from Jeremiah, commencing 'This people have rebellious hearts,' &c. &c. He then introduced to the audience Charles Lenox Remond, a (colored) citizen of Massachusetts, who, he dobted not, would be heard with satisfaction.

Mr. Remond spoke for nearly an hour creditably enough *for a negro*, yet there was no very striking point in his remarks. But his speech answered for the 'first course' at the entertainment—'Soup—light.' The 'heavy course' was served by Garrison himself—highly peppered, and with any quantity of 'nuts.'—*Troy Budget, Buchanan.*

From the Albany Statesman.

UNGRATEFUL.

The *Evening Journal* took no notice whatever of the meeting of the 'original Republicans' at Association Hall—the congregation of the white and black disunionists—the Garrisons, the Remonds, the Phillipses, the hot heads and crazy brains who were so serviceable in the cause of Fremont. This is ungrateful; and Miss Remond, a fair and dashing colored lady orator, who denounced everybody and everything, particularly the Church and religion of the country, as affording protection to adulterers and slaveholders and slave-breeders alike, resented the slight with proper spirit. Her chaste language was fresh from the *Evening Journal* school, and no doubt Miss Remond feels, under the desertion of the editor of the *Journal*, like one who has been forsaken by her 'liege lord.'

We ask sober-minded men to read the stuff that falls from the lips of these fanatics—the blasphemy and treason from lips so lately schooled in the cause of Republicanism. It was but lately they echoed shrieks and denunciations set up by 'thousand dollar' patriots of the Greeley school, and misguided if not bad-hearted occupants of the sacred desk. Here we have Republicanism 'in the raw.'

Mr. Remond—the colored Demosthenes—who had for some time given evidence of a desire to relieve his mind, made a terrible onslaught on the Press and Pulpit of Albany, hurling his anathemas principally at the Reporter for the *Statesman*, simply because the proceedings of the Convention had been headed 'Fanatics in Council.'

He denounced the newspapers of Albany, their Editors and Reporters, as belonging to the Slave Power—the *Statesman* for opening its mouth, and the others for not doing so. As he progressed, he actually 'tore a passion to tatters,' stigmatizing the editorial fraternity by the use of invectives and such choice language as his surcharged mind suggested. His arrogance and presumption were too ridiculous to excite aught else save a feeling of pity for his insane ravings. We understand he plays the part of 'first ruffian' in all the Conventions of the Society, to attack the Press, and we congratulate Messrs. Garrison, Pillsbury and Phillips, that they have entrusted to this modern Othello the duty which he no doubt discharges to the entire satisfaction of his pale-faced brethren.

Having exhausted about fifteen minutes in the delivery of his budget of billingsgate, the 'jealous Moor' took his seat—satisfied in his own mind that he 'had done the deed.'

SELECTIONS.

From the London Daily News

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN UNION.

BY AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

COLUMBUS, (Mississippi,) Nov. 24, 1856.

Your Alabama planter is the counterpart of his cousin the Essex or Suffolk farmer. He is not often as rosy or so burly, does not eat so heartily or drink so deeply; but the mind is the standard of the man, and in mind they are just alike. To the Southern farmer, an Abolitionist is a bogle of no common terror. He is his Popery, his brass money, his wooden shoes, the restless enemy of his peace and his property. The most moderate and phlegmatic lose all patience in speaking of him. He is ready to adopt any theory, however wild, which has their chastisement for its object. One of them, an acute and intelligent man, with whom I passed a long evening, discussing American affairs, told me that the South were anxious to, and would ere long, call a Convention for the purpose of pledging all Southern men, merchants as well as farmers, to cease all dealings, of whatever kind, with New York, and to transfer their trade and capital to Charleston. This course, once adopted, he looked forward at no distant period to see the Empire City a howling wilderness—a solemn warning to all impertinent meddlers with 'Southern rights.' This same man assured me that his crop of cotton this year was nearly a half short, but he never seemed to consider for a moment whether this was the case everywhere else. He had fixed a certain sum at which, in his opinion, cotton ought to sell, and he became quite frantic when alluding to the fact that his minimum had not yet been attained in the market. It was 'the darned speculators with their tricks,' who were doing it all, he thought. He approved of the assault upon Sumner, but not of the place in which it was committed. Still, what was Brooks to do when he knew the other was avoiding him? He could not meet him in the street, and was the Senate-house to be made a sanctuary in which slanderers might take refuge from the whippings they merited? This view of the case he evidently considered unanswerable. Another, a fat, jolly old gentleman, with an amount of flesh on his ribs that was most marvellous in this climate, was of the opinion that, now that the election was over, the Abolitionists would 'drap it,' otherwise it would be necessary to 'kill 'em all off.' Talking of railways afterwards, he said he considered railways a 'mighty dangerous' mode of conveyance, and added, as an afterthought, that he wished he could get 'a lot of Abolitionists into a train, and upset 'em.' He evidently looked upon them as wild animals. He 'reckoned there were lots of 'em in the South, too, but they daren't let it be known. They know they'd be hanged right off.' He was sure he couldn't live under a King or Queen. Expected he or she would be continually ordering him about. Niggers, according to him, were the happiest people in the world—a deal happier, he guessed, than our laboring class in the old country. When a nigger has done his day's work, he goes home to bed, without any care upon his mind—has to take no thought for his food or clothing. I found this argument an universal favorite. I have never heard the question of slavery discussed yet by or before Southern men without hearing 'negro happiness' put in the fore ground of the battle. That the negroes are happy, as the pigs are happy with their noses in a trough, or as cows are happy when in a field of clover, I think nobody can deny. But I leave you to imagine what the moral tone of a community is—what are its views of human nature, of its capabilities, destiny, privileges and duties—when it is unanimously agreed, that when once a poor man has his nakedness clothed and his hunger appeased, he has no right to wish for more, nor has any one else a right to wish for it for him.

If history teaches us anything, it teaches us that a people which is accustomed to look upon mental inactivity, upon the absence of anxiety, the necessity of forethought, for calculation, for enterprise, for exertion, for self-reliance, as things to be desired, as blessings and causes of rejoicing for any men of any condition, or of any race, is already doomed, plague-stricken. It would be absurd to cite cases in support of such a statement as this to convince English readers of its truth, because in England it would be received everywhere as an axiom. It would be equally absurd to dwell upon a principle of the same sort here, but for a different reason. In the slave States, ethics, metaphysics, law, jurisprudence, and political economy, are all warped, welted, twisted and molded to form buttresses and supports for slavery, and ideas which the rest of the world accept as elementary principles, here find no footing, and will never be listened to. None are so blind as those who will not see—none so deaf as those who will not hear. I am not discussing slavery in regard to its influence upon the negroes, but in regard to its influence upon the tone of opinion and modes of thought among the whites. One gets better glimpses of the real condition of the negroes from conversations one happens to overhear than from what is told to oneself—above all, when one is known to be a stranger, and particularly an Englishman. The cool way in which you hear the hanging of niggers, the shooting of niggers, and the necessity for severe discipline among niggers talked of in bar-rooms, speaks volumes as to the exact state of the case. A negro was shot when running away, near Greensboro', a small town on my road, the day before I passed through, by a man who had received instructions from the owner to take him alive, and shoot him if he resisted. I heard the subject discussed by some 'loafers' in the bar-room while getting my horse fed, and I found, to my no small—I do not know whether to say horror or amusement—that the point in dispute was not the degree of moral guilt incurred by the murderer, but the degree of loss and damage for which he had rendered himself liable to the owner of the slave in departing from the letter of his commission. One of the group summed up the arguments on both sides by exclaiming, 'Well, this shootin' of niggers should be put a stop to, that's a fact.' The obvious inference to be deduced from this observation was, that 'nigger shootin' was a slight contravention of police regulations—a little of which might be winked at, but in this locality had been carried to such an extent as to call for the interference of the law.

From the New York Independent.

'PREACHING THE GOSPEL.'

A Boston correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, under date of Feb. 2d, has a long article upon the conduct of the New England clergy during the late Presidential canvass, from which we take the following extract:—

'A single pastor in one of our Atlantic cities, not long ago, came out with a political abolition sermon, which resulted in the withdrawal of eleven families of his congregation. In the same city, when the agent of the State Domestic Missionary Society called on a gentleman for his annual subscription, he replied, 'No more money shall I give to your Society while I live.' When asked for the reason, he answered, 'Your missionaries and officers are giving themselves to preach politics rather than the Gospel.' Quite a number of gentlemen have informed me that they have been compelled, reluctantly, to abandon for the time attendance upon the church, owing to the conversion of their pastors into partizan Republican speech-makers. One gentleman, feeling that his pew was useless with such preaching, sold it; and, hearing of one pastor in another town and denomination who confined himself to the Gospel in his pulpit discussions, sent him fifty dollars toward his support.'

That fifty dollars doubtless did the business. It was twenty pieces more than Judas got for about the same services, viz., employing his apostolic position to favor the government, and to betray the weak and innocent. But Judas was weak and simple as compared with his successors; for he repented and hung himself, while they will do neither.

Sold his pew, did he? Did he not first get up and walk out of it in a Christian passion, when the minister said something that he did not like? Did he not slam the door with prodigious emphasis? And the Missionary Society, too, was made to smart for it! These *Journal-of-Commerce* Christians mean to spite the heathen abroad, and the ignorant at home, because ministers do not preach to suit the Democratic party!

But we should be glad to look over the range of topics treated by that happy recipient of fifty dollars, '*who confined himself to the gospel in his pulpit discussions.*' We should be glad to see what it included, and what it rejected. We presume that this good minister would include in his Gospel sermons the giving accounts of the settlement of the town in which he preached, and the manners and customs of two hundred years ago. *That* is included in the Gospel, of course! Then, doubtless, he preached general historical sermons, and geographical sermons with some missionary's name tacked to them, to give them a semblance of Gospel. Then there are literary sermons, and Washington sermons, and save-the-country sermons, and the wickedness-of-agitation sermons; sermons on peace and war, on heresy and heresiarchs, sermons on the distinction between superlapsarians and sublapsarians, on semi-Pelagians and entire Pelagians, Arians, Arminians, open and concealed; sermons on Sabellianism, Bushnellism, Taylorism, Tylerism, and Princetonism; sermons on heathen cruelties, on the need of preaching the Gospel to Chinese, Tartars, Mongol, and the Africans in Ethiopia. Of course, there are to be fast-day sermons, lugubrious and despondent; thanksgiving sermons as various as the elements of thanksgiving dinners; sermons about Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea; old Jerusalem and its siege—modern Jerusalem and its ruins—New Jerusalem and its prospects! There are sermons full of Daniel's arithmetic and symbolic beasts and birds; sermons on the wheel within a wheel; sermons to rip up all the theories about John's Apocalypse, except the minister's own! Then come the frequent and terrific sermons about the Pope of Rome, and the Inquisition, and the horrible wickedness about ecclesiastical tyranny in Italy. But to preach about Kansas in our own land, whose fate God has put into the hand of Christian voters, is a violation of the Gospel! Not to touch Kansas—where every crime ever committed by tyranny has flourished under an administration bent upon forcing African slavery upon free soil, against the will of its actual settlers—was a virtue in a minister which ought not to be left to be its own reward. Jupiter once came in a golden shower, and why should not Virtue descend upon our Gospel-preacher in fifty precious drops!

Men may deceive themselves, but not others, who pretend to preach '*nothing but the Gospel.*' Measured even by their own canon, they are preaching in the direction of literature, of art, of taste, history and science, sermon upon sermon, which have not half so much connection with the Gospel as slavery or temperance. Dancing, marrying the sister of a deceased wife, the Genesis geology, and everlasting chronology, are Gospel enough, but the rights of men, the sin of oppression, the responsibility of Christian voters in a Commonwealth, these are going aside from the Gospel!

This whole pretence of special Gospel purism is a lying sham. It is simply a method of *not* preaching it in practical applications to living questions. It is the cant of men who dodge their duty, or who are ignorant of it. [HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A GRANDMOTHER THAT WOULD BE BURIED IN FREE SOIL.

One of the editors of the Cincinnati *Commercial* relates the following touching incident. He was travelling on the cars up to Cleveland, to report the proceedings of the Lake Underwriters' Convention, held last week. He says:—

'I must tell you of a rare scene that was witnessed on the cars coming up. At Crestline, a very aged woman, apparently in a dying condition, was borne into the rear car by two brakemen, and left in charge of a lad of fourteen years, who proved to be her sole attendant. The passengers were astonished that so old a person—apparently quite a hundred years—should be moved in winter even so far as the next station, and they gathered round to help the boy, for she was gasping as if for her last breath. Presently, the fresh air and a cup of cold water revived the aged sufferer, and we asked the boy why he had been left alone with such a charge.

'The boy told his story with a clear, manly voice, and it was this: It was his grandmother; he had brought her thus from Greene county, Missouri, near the border of Arkansas and Kansas, by stage to Jefferson City, thence by railroad, and was taking her to Scotland! She had come out from the old country to die among her children, who were well-to do planters in Southwestern Missouri, but she had taken an insane dislike to the country, and nothing would do but she must be carried back to Scotland. She would receive no attentions, would not wear the clothes provided for her, would not be waited upon by the servants, "though father had two niggers to do nothing but wait on her," would not ride in the carriage "that cost $500, and was brought for her pleasure from Cincinnati." She would hardly take enough food to keep body and soul together. She had endured all but death in the removal from Scotland to Missouri, but in the first month after arrival, "this craze came on her, and we've had no peace since." In vain his father—the old woman was the lad's grandmother—had expostulated and begged till his patience and filial love were exhausted, and he "had to choose between sending the auld one to the crazy house in St. Louis or back to Scotland, but he wad na gang wi' her, so I came mesel."

'"A wee bit o' air—a wee bit! a wee bit!" gasped the old woman, and we hurried to help her, for it really seemed that death was there to free the spirit from the worn and shrivelled body. She revived a little, and we could not help asking the boy further questions. His story was straight, and evidently true. He had a clear voice, with a metallic ring, that rose above the din of the whirling cars, and we listened and wondered. By accident a passenger, Dr. Cook, of the House of Representatives, I believe, asked, "and was there no cause of complaint whatever?"

'"None, none," answered the boy, "only she ca'd out she could na breathe for the slavery, and she could na die in peace for the bluid on father, and she must gang owre the sea and be buried on the hills wi' the free folks!"

'Now we saw another person. The withered, old crone was translated, as it were, before our eyes. We saw the will of an heroic Scotch woman staying the dissolution of a worn out body that it might not be left in ground from which, in her ears, almost cold in death, was crying out the blood of her brethren! She will not die yet; her decayed body may no longer respond even to that sublime will, but the spirit will cling to its mortifying temple till that is brought to its Highland kird-yard, and laid among the free by the free.'

FUGITIVE SLAVES.

In our edition of Friday, we noticed the escape of seven negroes from Mr. Ransom of Covington—a mother with her six children. We see by handbills in Covington that two more have escaped from Centreville, Bourbon county, belonging to Robert Eunis, who offers $200 to any one mean enough to have them arrested and returned to slavery.

The offering of rewards at the present day to human dogs, to go on chase for human game, is looked upon as an insult by all civilized men. The slaveholder himself will admit that the man who can be employed to catch a negro, is a hundred fold meaner in principle than the patriot, who seeks liberty in every channel that human intellect can devise. The negro that runs away is aiming at a high object—manly, noble and dignified—but the skulking lick-spittle that seeks to enslave him, fills the meanest calling that a tyrant could induce ignorance and barbarism to descend to. He who advertises a slave, advertises himself a cruel master, arouses the friends of liberty to seek out and shield the noble heart that bursts the chains of despotism. He publishes his own weakness, opens the door to the oppressed, and invites hundreds to do likewise. At every attempt to cloud the intellect of the slave, to rob him of his labor or chain his person, freedom wins another laurel for her brow, and slavery another curse for her intrusion.—*Newport (Ky.) News.*

From the Newport (Ky.) News.

HENRY WILSON AND THE UNION.

SALEM, (Mass.) February, 1857.

To the Editor of the Kentucky News:

You have, no doubt, ere this, read Henry Wilson's letter to the Disunion Convention, held in Worcester. It seemed to me altogether unworthy of him to compare such men as assembled there, and their *motives*, with the Southern disunionists, when he very well knows that Garrison, Phillips, and other noble men who are engaged in this movement, desire to preserve liberty, and break down the oligarchy—while those at the South wish to preserve slavery, and break down free institutions. It is already evident that Wilson is giddy in his elevated position. I consider him altogether unworthy the confidence of men who pretend to labor for the emancipation of the slave. He is not so reliable as Banks, for *he* would let the Union slide in a certain contingency; but Wilson is bound to the Union, liberty or no liberty! What twaddle is this! Liberty never can prevail in this country, until that notion is knocked out of the heads of the people—never, that's my firm conviction. When the people, or a majority of them, shall say, slavery must be abolished, or the Union must be dissolved; when we are determined no longer to be the police and jailers of the South, or in any way responsible for slavery any where, then the work is done. Like a coward who fears to be left in the dark, so the oligarchy dreads to be left alone, with its great crime, surrounded by the innocent victims thereof. Let the North withdraw her protection, or show that she will do it under certain contingency, and the slaveholders would flee as rats flee from a sinking ship. Where would the line be drawn? Nowhere! No Southern State would dare to be left out, so as not to have the moral and physical protection which the free people of the Republic give them. They fear the indignation of the civilized world, as much as they do their own slaves; for if the moral influence of the free men of the country should be taken away, they would be left alone in all their naked deformity. Nothing could then shield them from that swift vengeance which every good man in the world feels in his heart they so richly merit; for the commission of crimes that have made the angels weep, and every decent man on earth hang his head with shame. Washington, when he wrote his farewell address, in which he enjoined upon his countrymen to consider the Union as the palladium of their liberties, little thought the impression he was then making upon the hearts of the people would become a snare and a stumbling-block in the way of the salvation of his country. But no man, be he ever so great, can be expected to see more than fifty years a head of his time; and his instructions were good for his country for that period. I feel convinced that, if Washington's soul could take voice, it would be heard entreating his countrymen not to let anything, even the Union, interfere with the progress of those glorious principles for which he and his cotemporaries fought, suffered and died to inaugurate—inspired with the hope that we would enjoy the fruit thereof. No man is so fit to live as he who is not afraid to die. No nation can live long which fears to do right. I expect that select band of knaves, that make up the oligarchy, after reading the comments of the Republican press on the Disunion Convention and Wilson's servile professions of intense nationality, breathe a good deal freer; and when they lie down at night, instead of keeping one eye open, sleep reasonably sound with their bowie-knife and revolver under their pillow. Oh! what a mistake—what wilful ignorance in the Republicans—not to see that, if they had commenced the discussion calmly, of the practicability and possibility of dissolving the Union, the slaveholders at this particular juncture would be overcome with terror, and willing, before long, to enter into any kind of an arrangement to emancipate their slaves. But when they hear Republicans, Democrats, Fillmore men, all chaunting together their intense nationality, they feel reassured; they say the people have endorsed us; and Wilson, who was the mouth-piece of the Republicans, has endorsed us. For is not slavery national? Of course it is—every body knows it is. Wilson and Douglas have joined hands; and next we shall have a decision from the Supreme Court, making slavery still more national. Every one will then bow his head in meek submission. Is there a just God, who reigns over us, and controls the destinies of nations by fixed and inexorable laws, that cannot be disobeyed with impunity? I believe there is. If so, the day of reckoning must come soon. I shudder to think of it.

I must confess to some mental blindness in days that have long since gone by, when I conceived that the word prophet, connected with Mr. Garrison's name, was ironical in the extreme; but I am now free to admit, that he and his colleagues are the only unerring guides the people have to look up to. No other men in the country, who pretend to act as leaders, can see through a hole in a ten foot ladder when looking at this question. I mean in the North part of the country, for I presume that Clay, Fee, and others, are working to the best advantage in the slave States from their stand-point of view, to whom all honor is due.

Truly yours,
JAMES H. BATTIS.

From the Providence Daily Post.

THE UNION.

It is the avowed purpose of a large class of men in this country to effect a dissolution of the federal Union. They declare that our Constitution is 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.' They proclaim that they would tear this covenant in pieces; that they would sever, once and for all time, the bond that unites the States.

Some of the men who are thus anxious to sever the chord of Union are politicians, and propose to accomplish their purpose by political action. They voted for Fremont on the 4th of November last, because they thought his election would hasten the result for which they were laboring. Others look upon political action, even for this 'holy purpose,' under the present Constitution, as wicked. Their plan is to denounce the Union, and refuse to support it; if it must be, assail it with physical resistance, but by no means to recognize its bond, by voting under it.

Thus are presented by the disunionists two plans of operation—one looking to such action by the federal government as shall drive the South out of the Union; the other, denouncing the government as itself a criminal, and asking the North to dissolve all connection with it. Among those who adopt the first method we might mention such men as Joshua R. Giddings, Anson Burlingame, Charles Sumner, Gerrit Smith, S. J. May, T. W. Higginson, F. W. Bird, and Fred. Douglass. Of those who rely upon the second, it is enough to speak of Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, and Stephen S. Foster.

It is undeniable that both wings of this party—or these two parties, if the designation is preferable—are both anxious to accomplish the same result. Our motive in calling attention to them at this time is, to remind the reader that both of them are relying on the same instrumentalities, though in different channels of action, to give success to their measures. We can make this clear by a brief explanation. Giddings, Sumner, Smith, Burlingame, Bird and Fred. Douglass, want to elect John C. Fremont to the Presidency, under pretence of *subjugating* the South, but really knowing that the Union would not survive the triumph of their doctrines for a single hour. What is their first step? What *was* their first step? Why, most certainly, it was to fill the Northern States with *hatred of the South.* Phillips, Garrison, Wright and Foster want the North to withdraw from the Union. What is *their* first step? What have they been preaching for the last twenty years? Why, that slaveholders are cut-throats, thieves, adulterers, barbarians. And they, too, ask us to *hate the South.*

Will it be said that Giddings, Sumner and their associates, whom we have set down as political disunionists, really do not want to dissolve the Union? We ask, then, how happens it that they are urging and relying upon the same instrumentalities which Mr. Garrison and *his* associates rely upon for the accomplishment of their work? How came it, that during the whole of the recent political campaign, they were preaching to us of the barbarism of the South? Why did they present to us that the South was made up of tyrants, murderers, ruffians, brutes? Why did they appeal to us to resort to 'fire and sword,' if by no other means we could stay the march of aggression? If they were satisfied with the Union as it is, why all those figures showing the political strength which the Constitution gave to slavery?

We, of course, do not pretend that *all* who voted for Mr. Fremont wanted to dissolve the Union. We do not so believe. Nor do we believe that the great mass of those who voted for him seriously thought that his election would hasten the overthrow of the federal government. But who can fail to observe, that the first step towards disunion was effected when that condition of feeling was secured, under which the Northern masses listened approvingly to those bitter denunciations of the South? Who does not see, that so far as these Fremont voters were concerned, the Union was already dissolved, from the moment that the feeling of brotherhood gave way to the feeling of hatred?

Senator Weller, in a sentiment sent to a Democratic celebration in Ohio, happily says that 'The Union can only be preserved by cultivating fraternal feelings amongst the States, and securing to each other the undisturbed enjoyment of its constitutional rights.' In other words, the Union has its foundation and strength in *fraternal regard*, not in Constitution and laws—not in a navy, or in an army—but in good feeling, in brotherly affection, in genial love. And this, the Senator meant to say, can be secured or perpetuated by the *undisturbed* enjoyment, by each State, of all its constitutional rights. No other kind of Union than this, and thus secured and perpetuated, is worth preserving. Indeed, we have no other Union. And when this is gone—when the fraternal feeling upon which our fathers built the Republic, and with which they cemented the confederation of thirteen sovereign communities, is dead, the nation, as such, is dead also. *We must separate when we have learned to hate each other.*

We ask candidly of the many patriotic young men who joined in the cry for John C. Fremont during the late campaign—and who endorsed the assaults that were made upon the South by giving their support to the cause in whose service they were used—have you not contributed to the encouragement, and perhaps to the final triumph of the men who seek the overthrow of our federal government? Was not all that your party said or did in the late campaign directly calculated to create an actual necessity for dissolution, by destroying all brotherly regard between the North and the South? The hour of passion and excitement having gone by, are you longer justified in remaining in the ranks of such an organization?

☞ *No Union with Slaveholders!*

From the New York Tribune.

LETTER FROM HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS TO HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

HON. THOMAS H. BENTON:

SIR—In the reports of your lecture on 'Saving the Union,' recently delivered in New England and New York, you are represented as saying: 'The Constitution of the United States sets out with the declaration that "*slaves are property.*"' That view of our Constitution is certainly important. If correct, it should be understood and admitted by Northern men; if incorrect, it should be promptly met and exposed.

The doctrine that man, bearing the image of his God, immortal in his hopes and aspirations, can be transformed into property, changed from the human to the brute creation, is repugnant to the judgment of mankind; opposed to the teachings of nature and of revelation; in direct contradiction to the intentions and understanding of those who founded our Government; in conflict with the convictions and objects of those who framed our Constitution, and is contradicted in the most emphatic manner by the spirit and letter of that instrument.

It is repugnant to the judgment of mankind. In no age of the world, in no part of creation, has a being existed in the form of man, with the ordinary intellect possessed by our race, who did not feel conscious that no other person could have rightful power over his life, his liberty, or his labor. This consciousness was infused into the soul of man at his creation, and constitutes one of the elements of our moral nature. It has never been separated from the soul of man. Neither you, nor the most strenuous advocate of slavery, ever did, or ever will admit that you can be disrobed of your manhood, transferred into a brute and made the property of your brother man. You are conscious that your lungs are inflated by your own inspiration; your limbs move at the instance of your own will, and not at the instance of another; your hands cultivate the earth and gather its fruits under guidance of your own judgment, and if you fail to feed and nourish your body agreeably to the demands of nature, you die. When you have obtained food for the nourishment of your own body, you will not admit the right of another to take it from you. Your are conscious that such robbery would be wrong—an offence against natural justice. Yet these propositions are merely self-evident truths, standing parallel with the absolute right of every man to his own body and the use of his own limbs.

The South Sea cannibals kill and eat the bodies of those whom they conquer; but even the New Zealander denies the right of others to slay and eat him. He is fully conscious of his right to enjoy his own life, liberty and labor; and will shed his blood in defending those rights. He holds that 'allegiance to the power which gave him the *form*, requires him to defend the *rights* of man,' and Sheridan spoke truly when in 1782 he declared that 'never yet was this truth dismissed from the human heart; never in any time, in any age—never in any clime where rude man had any social feelings—never was this unextinguishable truth destroyed from the heart of man, placed as it is in the core and center by his Creator, that *man was not made the property of man.*'

The doctrine that slaves are property is opposed to the teachings of *Nature* and of *Revelation*.

In our slave States, men are held and treated as property. The owners attach to them the incidents of property. They regard the whole physical and moral being of the slave subservient to the interest of his owner. They seek to prolong the lives of their slaves so far as will be profitable to the master, and no longer. They drive him so hard as to produce death at that period which the owners believe most conducive to their interests. It is a well ascertained fact that 25,000 murders are thus committed on Southern plantations annually, under the excuse that slaves are property. I need not say that such barbarity is revolting to all the feelings of our nature.

Sir, I feel deeply pained when I reflect that a man of your political intelligence charges our Federal Constitution with such heathenish barbarity.

Nature teaches us that the design and object of human existence is to elevate and unfold the intellect, the spirit, the soul of man; that the body is merely the tenement, the habitation of the soul, to be nourished and made healthy in order to render it an agreeable dwelling for the moral being. Constitutions and laws may direct your body and limbs to obey another man. Slaveholders and pirates may command them to do their bidding, but they cannot control them until they enslave your mind, degrade it, shut up the windows of the soul, enshroud it in moral darkness, and prevent its expansion, its elevation, its enjoyment. We shudder at the contemplation of such violation of Nature's laws.

Nor is the doctrine less repugnant to revelation. The Scripture informs us that the Creator gave to man dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth. These are *property*. The Creator himself drew a very marked distinction between persons and property, and no human laws or human constitutions can obliterate the line of demarkation which He has drawn. Neither pirates nor slaveholders, nor piratical Legislatures, can transform the image of God into that of the brute. True, they may *call* men brutes, or declare them *property;* but they retain the human form, and the soul, though wronged, dwarfed and imprisoned in the dark dungeon of slavery, will burn with immortal desire, and will break from its imprisonment and leave the owner naught but an offensive, putrifying carcass, that he may retain and use as *property;* while the man will repair to the bar of retributive justice, and make his appeal against those who attempt to convert immortal beings into brutes.

If there be any mandate of Scripture, of Christianity, binding on man, it is that which commands us to 'do unto others whatsoever we would have them do unto us;' and he who holds his fellow-man as property, while he is himself unwilling to be converted into a brute, is an infidel.

I am aware that you will answer that preachers, even doctors of divinity, teach us that men may innocently hold and treat their brethren of the same church as *property;* that men may rightfully buy and sell the image of God; may without guilt sell the Savior in the person of His followers. I reply, that such teachers are not only infidels, but they are hypocrites.

They are far more depraved than were those Algerines who, near the close of the last century, seized and enslaved our American citizens, and held and treated them as property. The civilized world pronounced them heathen, barbarians, *pirates* unfit for human association. Our nation sent a navy and army, and butchered them without mercy, and rescued their victims from bondage. But you and every other reflecting man will admit that those Algerines, bred and educated under Mohammedan superstition, were less atrocious and far less guilty than are those Doctors of Divinity referred to; yet they were worthy of death, and were slain, while *some* preachers of our land are permitted to live, and unrestrained they endeavor to corrupt our holy religion, by teaching the most revolting infidelity that ever cursed the earth.

The doctrine that slaves are property is in direct contradiction to the *understanding and purposes of those who achieved our National Independence.*

At the time of our Revolution, the rights of mankind had long agitated the civilized world. The divine right of kings, the division of mankind into classes, with various privileges, had surrounded the people of the Old World with institutions which had become petrified with age. These ideas and doctrines were discarded by our fathers, who declared that *all men* hold from their Creator *equal* rights to life, *liberty* and happiness. No language could have been more explicit, no form of expression could have been better understood. If the Constitution regards slaves as property, our Declaration of Independence was an aggregation of falsehoods, and the Revolution itself was a fraud upon mankind.

The doctrine that slaves are property is opposed to the *expressed intentions of those who framed our Constitution.*

In the Convention which framed the Constitution, a proposition was made to tax the importers of slaves. Mr. Sherman objected that such a tax would IMPLY *that slaves were property.* Mr. Gerry declared that as 'Congress would have no power over the institution within the States, we ought to be careful to *lend no sanction to it.*' And Mr. Madison, since styled the father of that charter of Liberty, declared it would be *wrong* to admit in the Constitution that *men can hold property in men;* and the language was so changed as to read thus: 'A tax of not more than $10 for each *person* might be levied,' thereby excluding the idea of *property.* This was done by the unanimous consent of the Convention. Not a member objected to Mr. Madison's views. It is clear that the framers of the Constitution, so far from declaring slaves to be property, expressed an intention directly opposed to such a proposition.

The doctrine that slaves are property is emphatically CONTRADICTED *by the spirit and letter of that instrument.*

The objects for which it was adopted pervade every section, article and paragraph. It was adopted '*to establish justice;*' not to establish injustice and crime. The framers declare it was adopted '*to secure the blessings of liberty;*' not to uphold the curse of slavery, or to maintain the barbarous doctrine that men may be converted into property. But the people had contended, they had toiled, had fought and bled to establish the heaven-born truth, that all men have *equal rights* to life, liberty and labor; and although the Constitution maintained that doctrine in its purpose and spirit, the people felt that a more explicit declaration of this great principle ought to be boldly and explicitly proclaimed in the Constitution; and some of the States proposed an amendment, declaring that 'no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law:' that is, without trial and conviction for crime.

Virginia felt that this amendment would be fatal to all future right to *property in man*, unless it were within State jurisdiction. Her Convention, therefore, proposed to limit the amendment to *free* men, making it read, that 'no *free* man shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law.' The issue was thus fairly made; it was fairly met and fairly decided. The requisite number of States declared in favor of the amendment as it now reads, and it was adopted, and is a part of the Federal Constitution; and every time you and I have taken the oath of office as members of Congress, we have sworn that so far as we had influence and power, 'no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law.'

If you have sworn to regard slaves, or any other portion of our race, as *property*, you do well to let the country know it. It is the doctrine of Judge Kane, it is the doctrine of Senator Toombs, it is the doctrine of President Pierce, of slaveholders, and of the Democratic party. If true, the slave-dealer may not merely bring his slaves into and through the free States, but he may open a market for his women in State street, Boston, in Wall street, New York, or in Chestnut street, Philadelphia. He may traffic in mankind in any free State.

I need not say that Congress has at all times discarded this proposition when brought up for discussion in that body. I need not refer to the fact that it was fully argued before the Supreme Court in 1842; that Judge McLean, to his honor and imperishable fame as a Christian jurist, gave an elaborate and able decision, declaring that the *Federal Constitution does not regard slaves as property.* Nor need I say that Chief Justice Taney agreed with him. Nor need I say that the record shows that the other members of the Court failed to meet the question, not daring to insult the nation or the spirit of civilization by declaring the doctrine which you assert.

I, sir, have ceased, for the time being, to mingle in the great political conflict now going on in our nation. I am disabled and removed from the scene of strife; but I yet linger upon the field, watching the tide of battle, as it moves slowly onward. I can only aid the lovers of liberty with my pen and my prayers. Here the reports of your lecture reached me, and stimulated me to give some feeble expressions to the emotions I felt on reading the opinion which you advanced. No argument can ever attach Republicans, lovers of liberty, to a Union or a Constitution sustaining the barbarous, the heathenish, the infidel principles which you ascribe to our Federal Constitution. If the Union and the Constitution be preserved, it must be by carrying out the doctrine, the spirit in which they were adopted, and not by engrafting upon the Charter of Liberty a doctrine so abhorrent to its letter and spirit.

It is with emotions of pleasure, of gratitude to God and my countrymen, that I contemplate a great, a powerful and increasing party in our nation, basing its doctrines and its hopes upon the self-evident truth that *all men* are *equally* entitled to life, liberty and property; each member of that party is solemnly sworn that 'no person' under Federal jurisdiction shall be deprived of these God-given rights, if their influence or power can prevent it. I would cheer every member of the Republican party, in his efforts to maintain its doctrines by steady, firm, combined and unceasing labor, exhorting them to cast aside all differences of opinion upon other and minor subjects, unite upon the great political, moral and religious truths which constitute their platform, and toil on and toil ever, until our country shall be redeemed from the control of men who would prostitute its powers to degrade a portion of the human family—brutalize and convert them into property.

Very respectfully,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

Jefferson, Feb. 17, 1857.

From the New York Tribune.

BORDER RUFFIAN LEGISLATION.

The latest accounts from Kansas show conclusively the necessity of the bill passed by the House and now lying on the table of the Senate, annulling all the acts of the past and present Bogus Legislatures of Kansas, and providing for the election, under the provisions of the act of Congress constituting the Territory, of a bona fide Legislature chosen by the actual residents.

The present Bogus Legislature, encouraged and emboldened by the countenance afforded to it by the Senate of the United States, so far from undoing any of the outrageous and unconstitutional acts of its predecessor, as recommended in Governor Geary's message, bids fair to surpass that body, if possible, in tyranny and violence. The bill repealing the test oaths imposed by the first Legislature, which had passed the Council, has been lost by an almost unanimous vote in the House, while both Houses have united in passing an act making all resistance to the bogus code *rebellion punishable with death!* They have also given to the County Judges, who are appointed by the Legislature, jurisdiction in criminal cases, and authority to adjudicate thereupon without the concurrence of either a grand or a petit jury! They have also passed a law to regulate the election of their successors, which election, under the act of Congress, takes place in October next, but at which, by this new bogus law, nobody is to be allowed to vote except those whose names are borne on certain lists to be made out the April previous by certain bogus officers, who have in fact an unlimited and unrestrained authority to put on and to leave off from the lists exactly what names they please. Nor, while thus assailing the rights of the citizens, has Gov. Geary, the representative in the Territory of Mr. Pierce and his Cabinet, escaped. The House has passed a formal resolution applauding the course of Sherrod, their nominee for the office of Sheriff of Douglas County, for insulting the Governor at the door of the Assembly, and spitting in his face!

Such are the natural results of the support which Lecompte has found in the Senate, and of the refusal of that body to pass Mr. Grow's bill as sent up by the House. If such things are ventured on by this Bogus Legislature while Congress is still in session, what may not be expected from it after Congress has adjourned? Nothing can be clearer than that the only possibility of maintaining the peace of Kansas and preventing the renewal of civil war there, and securing equal rights and impartial justice for all the inhabitants, Gov. Geary himself included, is to pass the bill of the House. So long as Border Ruffianism is sustained in its past outrages, what else can be expected than that it will go on to perpetrate new ones? In a Territory in which the Governor himself encounters insults at the hands of a Bogus Legislature, and is in danger of assassination from its members and its partisans, while his friends met in public assembly can only escape being dispersed by violence by shooting the intruders, what security can private citizens have for their property, their political rights, or even their lives?

RENEWED OUTRAGES IN KANSAS. Two Pennsylvania emigrants to Kansas, David and George Hannold, brothers, have just returned with their families to Pittsburg, having been compelled to leave the Territory by the destruction of their property by Missouri ruffians within a few weeks. They were settled on good claims about 27 miles west of Lawrence. On Sunday night, about four weeks ago, at midnight, they found their houses, barns and fences, suddenly enveloped in flames, and saved their own lives with difficulty. On the same night the houses and barns of three of their neighbors were burned in the same vicinity, they being also beggared. Similar burnings were occurring in other parts of the Territory. Some days before, their horses and mules were stolen, and 34 head of cattle poisoned with arsenic mixed with salt. Their dogs had been previously poisoned. They state that these atrocities are committed by scoundrels from the Missouri border, who act under the direction of secret pro-slavery lodges. The object is to drive out the Free State men, so as to carry the spring elections.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, MARCH 6, 1857.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTIONS.

We have been absent from our editorial post, for short time, to attend a series of Anti-Slavery Conventions at Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, and Albany, in company with WENDELL PHILLIPS, (who was present only at Albany,) PARKER PILLSBURY, SAMUEL J. MAY, CHARLES L. REMOND, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and SARAH P. REMOND.

Prior to the holding of these Conventions, a series of others had been held in various localities in Western New York, during the severest part of the winter, by Mr. POWELL, Mr. REMOND, Miss REMOND, and Miss ANTHONY, in one direction, and by S. S. FOSTER and BENJAMIN S. and JANE ELIZABETH JONES, in another—with as much success as could be expected, under the circumstances. Wherever these earnest and uncompromising laborers went, they produced a healthy excitement, woke the lethargic from their death-like repose, shocked the conservative, unmasked the hypocritical, convinced the wavering, strengthened the feeble, refreshed the true-hearted, opened the eyes of the blind, and caused the deaf to hear and the lame to walk. It was new ground, to a great extent, and the difficulties encountered were manifold; whatever of real or latent pro-slavery existed was very quickly revealed, especially in the garb of a spurious religion; but the word was spoken 'in demonstration of the spirit and with power,' and it can never return void. It is only by such self-denying, courageous and persevering labors that the land has been shaken, in regard to its colossal sin and crime, and that the desired revolution in public sentiment can be consummated, to the utter extinction of slavery. Few can realize what faith in principle, what fidelity to the right, what resoluteness of purpose, what courage of heart, what self-abnegation are needed, in carrying on such a moral crusade by those who enter the lecturing field as the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society. To go from town to town, from village to village, without friends or acquaintance, with the certainty of being fiercely assailed by all the religious influences and basely calumniated by political demagogueism, branded as 'infidels' by the pulpit and as 'traitors' by a venal press, compelled to speak in some obscure hall or petty school-house, with few to hear and fewer to respond to the noble utterances of the occasion, frequently at considerable pecuniary expense,—the elements of nature themselves often conspiring to baffle what otherwise might have been an excellent gathering, the mercury sometimes ranging at zero, and occasionally at thirty degrees below, and appointments to be kept in the face of driving snow-storms and roads almost impassible for either man or beast,—all this is a task, which, outside from the godlike object which inspires to effort, might well appal the stoutest heart, and induce the most intrepid to shrink from its prosecution.

There are none who deserve such thanks, such warm appreciation for their labors in the cause, as those faithful men and women who, in imitation of Jesus, making themselves of no reputation for righteousness' sake, go forth to plead the cause of the enslaved millions in our land. It is by their sacrifices and labors that it is made possible for such men as Joshua R. Giddings, Charles Sumner, William H. Seward and John P. Hale to obtain seats in Congress, and deliver such anti-slavery sentiments as fall from their lips. Blessings on those who kindly take these storm-proof champions to their homes, share with them their hospitable board, give them the friendly grasp of the hand, speak an encouraging word, and lend what co-operation is in their power! They have their reward in the gratitude of those who are ready to perish.

Of the various speakers who attended the conventions alluded to, we may name Miss ANTHONY, who, by her public labors in the cause of Education and of Woman's Rights, has won for herself the respect and friendship of thousands; whose executive talent and sound judgment, as financial and general agent, were admirably displayed; and whose cogent and impressive manner of address did excellent service.

Miss SARAH P. REMOND, (a sister of C. L. REMOND,) made her first efforts at public speaking on this extended tour, and every where commanded the respect and secured the attention of her auditors. Her calm, dignified manner, her winning personal appearance, and her earnest appeals to the conscience and heart, produced a most favorable impression. She only needs practice to become a very useful lecturer.

Mr. REMOND never failed to arouse and inspire those whom he addressed, by his stirring and eloquent appeals, and obtained the heartiest endorsement of his sentiments. He not only fulfilled every appointment made in the whole series, but spoke on other occasions not laid down in the programme, notwithstanding the severity of the weather and the delicate state of his health.

Mr. POWELL, though a young man, and comparatively a new lecturer in the field, is a most valuable acquisition to the cause, and acquitted himself with marked ability. In maturity of mind, in clearness of vision, in solid worth, and in nobleness of aim, he is far beyond his years. Of Quaker origin and education, his spirit spurns all sectarian trammels; his heart is a well-spring of humanity; and his moral nature greatly perfected.

Though the conventions we addressed were not numerously attended, (undoubtedly owing to the general exhaustion which has followed the tremendous excitement arising from the lawless invasion of Kansas, and from the late Presidential Election,) those who were present were of the more intelligent and reflective portion; and the truths which were uttered evidently made a deep and powerful impression.

To the beloved friends in Rochester, Syracuse and Albany, to whom we were indebted for the kindest hospitality, we proffer our warmest thanks.

☞ Since our return home, we have received the following specimen of Southern breeding and decency. As our substitute for public exhibition, we propose Mr. George Fitzhugh, of Port Royal, Caroline, Virginia! Exhibited here at the North in the manner described, with his consent, he would prove a rich speculation.

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE,
TROY, Feb. 20, 1857.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

SIR,—Being residents of the South, and *three* of the several hundred thousand freemen whom, at the safe distance of five hundred miles, you were pleased to designate, in your speech at Rand's Hall, on the 18th inst., as *rassals* and *cowards*, and believing our knowledge of Southern character and Southern *curiosity* will justify us in so doing, we make you the following proposition:—

If you will permit yourself to be confined in a large-sized, well-ventilated, and in every way comfortable iron cage, and allow us to make a tour of exhibition of your distingnished person throughout the Southern section of our Union, we pledge ourselves to award you *one half* the profits arising therefrom. In case a fear of mal-treatment or personal violence from a people against whom you so *charitably* hurl forth your venomous invectives should deter you from embracing this offer, we further propose to insure your life against any such *accidental* calamity as a straggling shot from Colt's repeaters, an untidy coat of tar and feathers, or a night's lodging (in mid summer) in the bed and arms of a corpulent and odoriferous negro wench.

Inasmuch as *you* deem it an eminent compliment to be considered a *black* negro man by an English nobleman, for your gratification, *we* deem it expedient to state that you are regarded a *white* negro man by the subscribers.

In the sincere hope that you will forward us a reply at your earliest convenience, we enclose you a three cent stamp, and subscribe ourselves,

Yours, very truly,
W. G. MYERS, of Mississippi.
N. W. MILLER, of Virginia.
E. HARLESTON, of S. Carolina.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CANNIBALS ALL!—or, Slaves without Masters. By GEORGE FITZHUGH, of Port Royal, Caroline, Virginia. Richmond, Va. A. Morris, Publisher, 1857.

Mr. Fitzhugh very appropriately dedicates his indescribable work to 'the Hon. Henry A. Wise,' the madcap and braggart of the Old Dominion, because he is 'acquainted with no one who has so zealously, laboriously and successfully endeavored to Virginianise Virginia,'—i. e., to reduce her to the lowest state of barbarism by his hostility to mental freedom, educational training, a free press, and whatever else the mind and soul demand for their development. He gives Mr. Wise this patriotic assurance—'Your attachment to Virginia has not lessened your love for the Union.' Why should it? What would become of Virginia outside of the Union? And what is the Union but the vassal of Virginia?

Mr. Fitzhugh is the author of a work, published some time since, entitled 'Sociology for the South, or Free Society a Failure,' in which he hit upon a very ingenious plan to put to flight the entire army of Abolitionists and reformers generally,—to wit, by declaring chattel slavery to be right in the abstract and in the concrete, the normal condition of the mass of mankind, without regard to complexion, and the only arrangement that can save communities and nations from ruin; by insisting that all free laborers are in a wretched condition, and ought to be at once provided with masters and drivers for their good; by representing the experiment of free society,—i. e., society which does not allow turning a human being into a marketable commodity,—to be every where a failure; by maintaining that the Declaration of Independence is a fiction, respecting liberty and equality—&c. &c. That work, he tells us, met with a favorable reception at the South; and he complacently adds, that 'no one has denied its theory of Free Society, nor disputed the facts on which that theory rests.' The reason why no one has entered the lists against him is the same as that which prevents a sane man from attempting to argue with a dolt or a lunatic. Mr. Fitzhugh is the Don Quixote of Slavedom—only still more demented than his 'illustrious predecessor.' As the latter saw in a harmless windmill a giant of frightful aspect, and lustily assailed it with all the success possible under the circumstances, so the former sees in freedom a terrific monster which is devouring its millions, and valiantly essays to drive it from the earth. If he is not playing the part of a dissembler, he is certainly crack-brained, and deserves pity rather than ridicule or censure. In view of the Slave Code, and its annihilation of all the rights of its victims, who but a monomaniac would venture to make such assertions as the following?—

'The negro slaves of the South are the happiest, and, in some sense, the *freest* people in the world; they enjoy *liberty*, because they are oppressed neither by care nor labor'!—'The women do little hard work, and are protected from the *despotism of their husbands* by their MASTERS'!—'White men, with so much of license and *liberty*, would die of ennui; but negroes luxuriate in corporeal and mental repose. With their faces upturned to the sun, (!) they can sleep at any hour. . . . We do not know that free laborers ever sleep'!—'The free laborer is more of a slave than the negro, because he works longer and harder for less allowance than the slave; he has no liberty, and not a single right'!—'Free laborers have not a thousandth part of the rights and liberties of negro slaves; indeed, they have not a single right or a single liberty, unless it be the right or liberty to die'!—'The master enforces decent morality in all'!—'Negroes are never ignorant of the truths of Christianity, all speak intelligible English, and are posted up in the ordinary occurrences of the times'!—'That same public opinion which shields and protects the slaves encourages the oppression of free laborers'!—'Christian morality is the natural morality in slave society, and slave society is the only natural society'—'The negro *sees the driver's lash*, becomes accustomed to obedient, cheerful industry, and is not aware that the lash is the force that impels him'!—'We cannot possibly see but one safe way to invest wealth, and that is to buy slaves with it'!

Now, to undertake gravely to refute declarations like these would be as preposterous as to make them. Such idiocy may pass current as wit and wisdom among the cradle-plunderers and slave-drivers at the South, but the rest of the world will rate it at its true value.

Mr. Fitzhugh is a remarkably philanthropic gentleman. Not content with extorting 'obedient and cheerful industry' from his own slaves, by the potency of the driver's lash, he is for aiding the free laborers at the North to reach the same enviable condition. His sensitive and generous nature is greatly distressed in view of their wretched condition. Alas for them that they can make their own contracts—work when they please or for whom they please—be compensated for their labor, according to agreement—educate and protect their own children—love and cherish their wives, and defend their firesides—have free access to books, newspapers and lectures, and other sources of instruction and amusement—assemble as often as they choose to consult upon their own interests—exercise the elective franchise and prescribe the laws for their own government—preserve inviolate their rights and liberties against invasion and outrage—and alter their pursuit or location as it may seem good unto them—there being none to molest or make them afraid! From these awful afflictions they ought to be speedily relieved! Henceforth, let there be no marriage among them; let them not have the Bible, nor any other book; let their children be forbidden all instruction; let their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, be given over to the unrestrained lusts of profligate masters and brutal overseers; let the lash, the fetter, the paddle, the thumb-screw, the branding-iron, and an occasional burning at the stake, be substituted for legal arraignment, trial and condemnation; let not one of them be allowed in any case to testify against his owners; let the compensation for their long-protracted toil be a peck of corn and a few herrings per week; let them not dare to question or disobey any command delivered to them; let them hold themselves in readiness to be flogged, maimed, bought, sold, bartered, as cattle and merchandize, according to the caprice, or anger, or pecuniary necessity of those whose property they are, 'to all intents, purposes, and constructions whatsoever'! Then will their heavy burdens be removed, their cares and anxieties as to the future dispelled, their happiness secured, their bliss consummated!

Farmers, mechanics, laborers of every kind at the North—what say you to such an overture as this? Will you not entreat Mr. George Fitzhugh, of Port Royal, Caroline, Va., to find you masters without delay at the South—seeing there is no chance for your enslavement here?

Imitating the example of this cool, audacious defender of the soul-crushing, blood-recking system of slavery, why should not all highwaymen, burglars and pickpockets boldly resent the imputations which are cast upon their character, and turn the tables upon their accusers by insisting that, as slavery is better than freedom, so knavery is better than honesty, and ought to be universally diffused? Why should not all the keepers, and inmates, and frequenters of brothels outface the moral sentiment of Christendom, and declare licentiousness to be the normal condition of mankind, and virtue and purity ruinous to the well-being of society? Why should not all gamblers, and swindlers, and garroters, and loafers and rascals generally, refuse any longer to be placed in the category of criminals, and maintain the superiority of their method of living over that of the upright, the peaceful, the industrious, and the orderly? And, finally, why should not the whole army of rumsellers and reeling, blear-eyed topers openly defend drunkenness as every where a success, and sobriety every where a failure? Be consistent and symmetrical in your philosophy, Mr. Fitzhugh, and allow to every form of villany and vice the same indulgence and the same defence! Answer like a man! Is not hell a place of bliss, and heaven of torment? Is not the service of the devil incomparably better than that of God? Are not the works of the flesh these: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance? Are not the fruits of the Spirit adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like? Was not the apostle egregiously at fault when he urged the adoption of whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely, and of good report—and should he not have recommended whatsoever things are knavish, unclean, hateful, and of vile report? Why not, if slavery is from above, and liberty from beneath? Why not, if language has a definite meaning, and antagonisms are to be carried out to their legitimate results? And so we 'answer a fool according to his folly.'

Mr. Fitzhugh is, of course, highly pleased with 'the admirable work of the Rev. Nehemiah Adams,' entitled 'A South-Side View of Slavery,' and quotes it to prove how readily he 'perceived that slavery was an admirable police institution,' and says that 'he moralizes very wisely on the occasion,'—conceding that, by the existence of slavery, 'that fearful element in society, an irresponsible and low class, is diminished at the South,' and that 'there is more faith, and less infidelity, at the South, than at the North'!!

Mr. Fitzhugh is a Christian, of the true Southern stamp. He charges 'Horace Greeley, William Goodell, Gerrit Smith, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and their entire party,' with seeking to abolish 'the institution of Christian churches as now existing in America'—compliments 'the Garrisonians' as 'the most thorough-going of all Abolitionists, and of all disorganizers'—says that, on a late visit to the North, he 'was struck with nothing so much as the avowed infidelity of many, and the Christianity melting into infidelity of the great mass of the balance with whom he conversed,'—announces that he has 'whole files of infidel and abolition papers, like the *Tribune*, the *Liberator*, and the *Investigator*,' and that 'Fanny Wright, the Devil's Pulpit and the Devil's Parson, Tom Paine, Owen, Voltaire, *et id genus omne*,' are his 'daily companions'—asserts that, 'to be consistent, all anti-slavery men should be atheists,' that, 'if *white* slavery be morally wrong, be a violation of natural rights, the Bible cannot be true,' and that 'such a society as that of the South would never beget a skeptic, a Hobbes, a Wayland, nor a Channing'!!! He declares, moreover, that

'Christian morality can find little practical foothold in a community so constituted, that to "love our neighbor as ourselves," or "to do unto others as we would they should do unto us," would be acts of suicidal self-sacrifice. Christian morality, however, was not preached to *free competitive society*, but *to slave society*, where it is neither very difficult nor unnatural to practise it. . . . Two great stumbling-blocks are removed from the acceptance of Scripture, when it is proved that slavery, which it recognizes, *approves*, and ENJOINS, is promotive of men's happiness and well-being, and that the morality which it inculcates, *although wholly impracticable in free society*, is readily practised in that form of society to which it was addressed.'

Christianity impracticable in a state of freedom—possible only in a state of slavery!! What a model saint is Mr. George Fitzhugh, of Port Royal, Caroline, Virginia! But enough of such imbecility and madness—such buffoonery and blasphemy. [For sundry extracts from this matchless work, see 'Refuge of Oppression.']

THE NEW YORK SPEAKER: A Selection of Pieces designed for Academic Exercises in Elocution. By Warren P. Edgarton, Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric, Hudson River Institute, Claverack, N. Y. With Introductory Remarks on Declamation, by William Russell, author of 'University Speaker,' 'Pulpit Elocution,' 'Orthophony,' &c. New York: Mason Brothers, 108 and 110 Duane street. 1857.

The selections contained in this handsome volume of 500 pages are various in quality and design,—the poetical pieces being much more numerous than the prose,—and the whole being gathered from sources of acknowledged taste, wit, genius and eloquence, at home and abroad. They are arranged under the head of Discursive Eloquence, Impassioned Eloquence, Pathetic Eloquence, Burlesque, Serious, Humorous, and Dialogues. Among the American writers herein quoted are Clay, Webster, Everett, Choate, Winthrop, Seward, Sumner, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, Horace Mann, E. H. Chapin, E. P. Whipple, Bryant, Willis, Pierpont, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Poe, Percival, &c. &c. The subject of slavery is, as usual in all such collections, carefully ignored, so as to give no offence to the brutal and tyrannical oligarchy at the South. The nearest allusion to it is contained in the admirable effusion, entitled 'Universal Freedom,' by Henry Ware, Jr., one verse of which we quote for the inspection of the slave propagandists:—

'What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of Truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?
What dastard soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Or Slavery's guilty night prolong,
And Freedom's morning bar?'

We perceive but little glorification of the Union in this volume, there being only two pieces with express reference to its perpetuity. This indicates progress. The first piece is on 'The Unity of our Republic,' by C. T. Russell. Here is its conclusion:—

'The rain may descend, the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it [the Union]—it will not fall, for it is founded upon a rock. It rests upon guarantees stronger than even laws and compromises. For it our interests combine in overwhelming potency; around it cluster the most glorious associations of our history; in it the hopes of humanity are involved; to it our hearts cling with undying love; for it religion, liberty and conscience plead; and, beyond all, upon it, in riper years, as in its infancy, the protection of God rests, a sheltering cloud for its fiercer day, a pillar of fire in its darker night.'

There is one essential element lacking in this 'rhetorical flourish'—and that is, TRUTH. Every one of its assertions is false. Instead of the Union being founded upon a rock, it rests upon a foundation so flimsy, and is already so rent and shattered, that it trembles at every manly tread, and totters at every free utterance. The reiterated outcries for its preservation, heard all over the land, are so many signals of distress, so many confessions of organic weakness, so many indications of its approaching overthrow. Its strongest guarantees relate to a slave representation, slave hunting, and the suppression of slave insurrections, the repeal of which would speedily terminate its existence. All our interests, as freemen, are hostile to its continuance, and left unprotected by it. Around it cluster the most disgraceful associations of our history; in it the hopes of humanity lie buried; against it religion, liberty and conscience, outlawed in one half of it, plead trumpet-tongued; and, instead of being approved and protected by God, it is divinely doomed in the prophetic declaration—'Your covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it.'

If Mr. C. T. Russell had written from the standpoint of the slave—as a fugitive from the plantation, hunted by four-legged bloodhounds in his own neighborhood, and seized by two-legged ones in the streets of Boston, and dragged back to stripes, and chains, and life-long servitude—as one compelled to see his wife defiled without a murmur, his daughter sold on the auction-block for prostitution, and his children torn from his arms by the soul-drivers—he would unquestionably have taken a very different view of the Union, and invoked upon it the judgments of Heaven, instead of extolling it to the skies. 'Remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them,' will he give us the result of his 'sober second thought'!

An extract on the value of the Union to the South in general, and to South Carolina in special, is here given from a speech of Henry Clay. Referring to the pugnacious and bombastic State, he says:—

'I have sometimes fancied what would be her condition, if she goes out of this Union,—if her five hundred thousand people should at once be thrown upon their own resources. She is out of the Union. What is the consequence? She is an independent power. What then does she do? She must have armies and fleets, and an expensive government; have foreign missions; she must raise taxes,—enact this very tariff, which had driven her out of the Union, in order to enable her to raise money, and to sustain the attitude of an independent power. If she should have no force, no navy to protect her, she would be exposed to piratical incursions. Her neighbor, St. Domingo, might pour down a horde of pirates on her borders, and desolate her plantations. . . . I say it is utterly impossible that South Carolina ever desired, for a moment, to become a separate and independent State.'

What Mr. Clay says of South Carolina is equally true of the whole South. Without the Union, she could neither hold her slaves, nor protect herself from foreign invasion. Let, then, her empty threats of disunion be met, on the part of the North, by a determination to take her at her word; and soon her bluster will give place to entreaty, her arrogance to humility, her madness to reason. Separated from her, the North can form the most powerful republic the world has ever seen; and in breaking the bonds of the Union will assuredly sunder the fetters of the slave.

☞ For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston.

PETITION FOR THE REMOVAL OF JUDGE LORING.

A petition, a copy of which is subjoined, was presented to the Legislature of this State on Tuesday last, asking for the removal of Edward G. Loring from the office of Judge of Probate of the County of Suffolk. It was signed by Francis Jackson and fifty-six others. The case is a perfectly clear one, and we think the Legislature can do no less than to remove Mr. Loring from an office which he holds and exercises in open defiance of a law of this Commonwealth. The whole question, with the leading facts bearing upon it, is so well stated in the petition itself, that it is unnecessary for us now to do more than to call to it the special attention of all our Massachusetts readers. It is evident that Mr. Loring intends to defy the public sentiment of the State, as expressed in its Statutes, and to throw himself upon the known conservative influences of certain men in Boston and vicinity to protect him therein. Our readers will remember that the Legislature of this State, two years since, by an overwhelming vote, called upon the Governor to remove Mr. Loring from the office of Judge of Probate. Gov. Gardner refused to do so, basing his refusal on certain constitutional scruples; but suggested that the Legislature might pass a law prohibiting for the future the holding of the two offices by one person, viz., that of a State Judge, and United States Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave Law. The Legislature passed such a law. Nearly two years have elapsed since its passage, and Judge Loring continues to hold and exercise both offices; and Gov. Gardner, though perfectly well knowing of this defiance to the laws of the State, has neglected to call the attention of the Legislature thereto. Therefore let the people speak out once more, in rebuke of the men who are ready to trample Massachusetts and her laws in the dust, for the sake of gratifying the Slave Power and its allies. The petition subjoined can be cut from the paper, attached to a suitable sheet, and readily filled up with names, if a few persons will attend to the work of circulating it. In this way, thousands of names may be in a short time brought to support the petition before the Legislature; which, in so clear a case of a violated statute, cannot fail to take the desired action. Let action be prompt, energetic, and united; and while younger States are asserting the rights of their citizens, and insisting that their own laws shall be respected by the Federal authorities, let not Massachusetts be found wanting.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

THE undersigned, citizens of this Commonwealth, respectfully represent that His Excellency, Governor Gardner, in his Message of May 10, 1855, in which he declined acceding to the Address of the Legislature for the removal of Judge Loring from the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, made use of the following language:

'That removal should take place in a way unquestionably constitutional; in such a manner, that while the obnoxious individual is removed from his public post, no precedent is established pregnant with evil to those who may come after him, and so that punishment shall follow only a plain violation of law. Such a course is open for the Legislature to adopt. In both branches, an attempt was made to render the holding of the office of Judge of Probate incompatible with that of the Commissionership, under which Judge Loring's action was deemed obnoxious and objectionable.'

The undersigned respectfully call the attention of the Legisl

MISS HOLLEY'S LECTURES.

GROTON, Tompkins Co., (N. Y.) Feb. 23, 1857.

DEAR LIBERATOR:

Last evening, a very interesting meeting was held here on a few hours notice. We had arrived, unexpectedly, Saturday evening, by stage, over ten miles of dreadful roads: in the slow progress, the cold was keenly felt, after the mild days just gone, and a night in a new place had not proved thoroughly refreshing. But the earnest invitation of the Abolitionists here was not to be resisted, and Miss Holley yielded to their solicitations to speak on Sunday evening as well as she could. In November, when the Presbyterian minister was asked, by one of his prominent supporters, to give his pulpit up for the meeting on Sunday morning, for which a standing notice had been published by Mr. Burr of Ludlowville, he declined doing so, but said he should be willing to have the meeting in his house *Sunday evening*. So the Baptist house was opened, the minister aiding in a very friendly way.

A house full of people came, some from a distance, who would have been disappointed by a change in the hour. But again and again Presbyterian members expressed their regret that the meeting had not been held in the evening, at their house, saying how freely it would have been tendered for the purpose.

Accordingly, yesterday, application was made for the Presbyterian house, for Miss Holley's lecture in the evening, which received a prompt and ungracious refusal. The minister said he had an appointment to preach, and he should preach. Now, for two years, we are told, the two denominations have held what they call a Union meeting each Sunday evening, at their respective houses, and this Sunday it fell at the Presbyterian church. When the Baptist minister, in a conference held with the Presbyterian minister, told him, that if the Presbyterian house was denied, his own should be opened, the other retorted, 'If that is done, our Union is at an end.' Notwithstanding this dictatorial threat at Disunion, an afternoon's notice was proclaimed from both pulpits, and in the evening an audience of about five hundred people gathered at the Baptist church. In the foremost pew sat the Presbyterian Reverend, and with him had come all his people. That this skirmish ended so decisively, is owing to the uncompromising firmness of the Abolitionists. Miss Holley had doubted if her resolution and strength would equal the demands of the occasion; but she seemed nerved by an extraordinary impulse to pour out her soul for the hour, in a most faithful rebuke of a pro-slavery Church, and in a glorious defence and assertion of Anti-Slavery as the genuine Christianity of our day, and of the Abolitionists as the true Church of this country. She replied to the universal objection that Mr. Garrison is an infidel, by an admirable confronting of the objector with the answer Jesus made to John's disciples, when they came with his inquiry, 'Art thou the Christ?' He bade them tell John, 'The deaf hear, the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed.' As if he had said, 'What stronger proof can I give that I am He, than this marvellous devotion to human good?' So, she asked, 'What brighter test could Mr. Garrison give, that he was in sympathy with Jesus, than a life of toil, and bravery, and faith, spent to redeem millions of his countrymen from the unparalleled woes and degradation of slavery, and to establish Justice and God's Righteousness in as many hearts as will open to their influence?' One could not but feel, in the awakened interest and attentive presence of that immense audience, that good was done in the name of Anti-Slavery. This town is a promising field for Anti-Slavery labor, and the three faithful working Abolitionists here, bear testimony to the good seed sown by Abby Kelley Foster years ago, and where she would be gratefully welcomed now,

C. F. P.

'SLAVERY IN ITS MILDEST FORM.'

'We have no slavery in St. Louis, or only in its mildest form; and what few slaves there are here are far better off than the laboring whites or free negroes, and would not be free, not one of them, if they could.' Such were the remarks that fell upon my ears a few days ago from the lips of a lady famous for her goodness of heart and kindly charity, her universal benevolence, and never-ending patience with the sins and follies of the world. Such are the remarks you hear daily from all classes of people, if you dare approach the forbidden subject. 'Slavery in its mildest form,' let us see what that is.

Month after month, as the days rolled on, and I sat at my door of a summer evening, or sallied out to market in the morning, I noticed four little children playing upon the pavement—two boys and two girls. The eldest was a slender child, with rather a dark Southern skin, hair almost black, and a large, flashing black eye. Her motions were quick, her laugh timid, and her ways seemed as of one fearful of some impending evil. Yet she was ever watchful and careful of two little ones who were almost always with her at play, and over whom, as the elder, she appeared to have charge. Next her in size was a curly-headed, round-faced, dark-browed bow—a rollicking, devil-may-care little chap, who defied all sorrow and sadness, and made one forget gray hairs, and wish he were 'a boy again.' He might have been five years old, the eldest girl seven. The two younger children, pretty and delicate, seemed like brother and sister to the two elder; yet I had noticed that the smaller ones were dressed more tastefully, and with richer material. I had also noticed the going out at morn, and the coming in at eve, of a trim, neat girl, of about twenty, as I supposed, who seemed to live in the same house, but as she passed me, she never looked up, and a shade of care rested upon her brow, that told of some deep suffering. Sometimes I would see her flitting to and fro daily; sometimes she would be gone weeks, and then I would see the two elder children clinging to her, as she turned the corner, and hanging to her skirts with shouts of joy, as if she were a loved mother just returning from a long absence, or a dear sister, gentle and kind, who held their little hearts in her keeping. Of one thing I was sure—they were the children of the same father, and that father often sat at his door of a summer night, and watched their gambols upon the street, as they led the two younger ones about, or drew baby in its little carriage.

A year went by, and I still thought them all of one household. I needed a seamstress, and asked a neighbor where one could be found.

'Could you not hire Mrs. L——'s Lizzie?'

'Who do you mean?'

'Mrs. L——'s colored girl. No, she 's not colored; she 's as white as I am; but she 's a slave. Did you never see her—that pretty, neat girl, that you see going in and out—the mother of Ella and Charley?'

I almost gasped for breath. 'Is Lizzie a slave, and are Ella and Charley her children?'

'To be sure they are.'

'I thought these children were all Mr. L——'s?'

'Well, I suppose they are,' said the lady, with a leer; 'but the two oldest are Lizzie's, the other two Mrs. L——'s. She is a second wife, you know, and he came here a widower, and talks about Lizzie's husband down at Memphis. Lizzie is a splendid seamstress, and stays at home and sews round part of the time in warm weather; in winter, she goes on steamboats as chamber-maid. She is obliged, when on the boat, to pay her master thirty dollars a month—and all she gets over she has for herself, to clothe her children. That 's why they are kept so nice. She is better off than many a free girl.'

We went to the seamstress, and after a while, we heard her tale of wo. 'Better off than many a free girl!' How could a woman's tongue speak those words, and not grow palsied in her mouth?

Lizzie had been torn from a home at the South by a sheriff's sale. Mr. L—— had bought her as a fancy girl, and her fate was like all others—now subject to the caprice of a jealous wife, her children often ill-used, when this wife dared. She was driven away to earn wages on a boat, sometimes at a fearful rate, and only able to satisfy a mother's love for her children by yielding to the exactions of her master, who was good if she obeyed, cruel to her children if she dared resist any enactment of his will. She had high and holy thoughts. Her love for her children was deep and strong. When at home, she would gather them to her arms, and weep over them through the long night, and almost pray that they might die ere they were old enough to know their fearful degradation. I never talked with her but once, and then she seemed to fear that the tortures of the Inquisition awaited her. She trembled from head to foot, and started at every noise. She had been kindly raised, and could read and write. 'He makes me dress,' said she, 'and keep my children so, that the world may call him a good master. He never strikes me, but he tears me from them. And O, mistress, who knows what they gets while I'm gone? Not a thing but bread and water. And then, O, my God! he tells me Ella will be old enough to take my place some day; that she's so pretty, he can get fifteen hundred dollars for her when she 's fourteen, and that he can sell Charley any day, and if I don't do his bidding, he will. O, mistress, if there 's a God in heaven, he will blast this nation for its wickedness. I sometimes hate you all, every body that is free—yes, every one—because you can be happy in your children and husbands, and help to make us so wretched. Mistress says I oughtn't to complain, when I have such fine clothes, and every body treats me as if I was a lady; but fine clothes don't cure the heart-ache, and to be treated like a lady don't take away the fear that my poor children will be sold when I get back, and I never see them again. He don't tell me I am a slave always; but O, mistress, I would rather be a dog than such a thing.'

Her sobs and tears choked her utterance. Poor Lizzie! Her's was a case of 'slavery in its mildest form'—'scarce slavery at all,' some would say, who only look upon the surface. Are chains and whips to the limbs and back so much more fearful than the terrible agony of the mother's heart, through long years of agonizing suspense, looking forward to the fate of her children, who must bear the brand of shame and ignorance, through her, for ever; more, chains and stripes, starvation and hard work,—*all* that makes slavery terrible? That Christian ladies can say, that a woman of high and holy instincts can be made the victims of man's lust, be made to bear the sacred name of mother, that her sons and daughters may be sold like brutes in the shambles, to the same fearful life that has withered all her womanhood, and turned to gall and bitterness every cup of existence, and yet, that this is 'slavery in one of its mildest forms,' is most astonishing.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN ILLINOIS.

STERLING, Whiteside Co., Ill., Feb. 4, 1857.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

A very long time ago, I wrote you somewhat of my wanderings in Michigan. Since then, I have addressed many meetings in that State, and, judging from the interest manifested, some good has been done for the cause of humanity. The Republicans,—those of them, I mean, who were really anti-slavery,—are beginning to see the entire futility of looking to any political party, inside of the government, to carry on an Anti-Slavery warfare. The recent speeches of Wilson and Hale have had the effect to open the eyes of very many, and I sincerely hope that they will not again be lulled to sleep by the cooing of political demagogues.

I have been alone most of the winter, and consequently have labored under many disadvantages. The difficulty of getting up meetings in country places is considerable; many miles must be gone over to notify the people, and in an inclement season like the present, it is sometimes more of an effort than a woman, encumbered with flowing drapery, can well make. Thanks to the good friends of the cause for their kindly help! The satisfaction of knowing that they have aided the feeblest advocate of the cause of the suffering bondman will be to them, I trust, a sufficient reward.

For the last three or four weeks, I have been most of the time in company with A. T. Foss. We have held meetings in Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, most of them very pleasant and satisfactory. In Winchester, Indiana, we were very hospitably entertained in the family of James Way, brother of the famous 'Capt. Amanda M. Way,' who, some months ago, led on a band of valiant women to the destruction of all the alcoholic liquors found in that town. I fear, however, from the condition of the Temperance cause in that State at the present time, and even in that village, the work of reform is hardly begun. May strength be given them 'to persevere in every good word and work.'

We found a very few Abolitionists of our stamp in Indiana, and some Republicans; but where we could get the ear of the Democrats, they were very respectful and attentive. There is a wide field for Anti-Slavery culture in this State; I would that there were laborers ready.

We have just visited Livingston County, Ill., and had several meetings, well attended. In the town of Good-farm, County of Grundy, every vote polled was Republican in the late contest, but most heartily did those whom we met condemn the course of their leaders in Congress. Mr. Foss made two of his thorough Disunion speeches in this town, and was loudly cheered by these Republicans. More than one remarked to us that this doctrine was the true one, and that from this time they should advocate it.

Parker Earle is a resident of this place, and I think a whole-souled reformer. He, together with his estimable wife, made us very welcome to their home. In the town of Dwight, we were the guests of that true friend of humanity, Isaac G. Mott. We were quite disappointed in not finding his gentle and loving Fanny at home, but our stay was made very pleasant, notwithstanding. Mr. Mott gave us every assistance possible in getting up our meetings, kindly taking us to and from them. His home, I am sure, will always be open to the friend of the slave; and I think this point a very desirable one for our agents who may hereafter labor in this State.

This town is near the entrance of the Grand Prairie, which is, in extent, some one hundred and seventy miles, by seventy or eighty. I was never so strangely impressed by scenery as here. Accustomed as I have been to the scenery of New England,—her noble forests and friendly groves, her beautiful rivers and almost matchless lakes,—this sea of land and sky was not only monotonous, but oppressive. I seemed to be a prisoner in this great *room of land*, surrounded and enclosed by sky. I looked in vain for a path which should lead out and beyond this prison, and involuntarily I shuddered, as I tried to extricate myself. I remarked to friend Foss, that from that time forward, I should never desire to be the largest object to be seen 'twixt earth and heaven. He seemed to think if I would allow him to stand in the direction of my vision, that he might relieve the view.

We shall probably remain in this county some days, perhaps weeks. Of course, we cannot do much in the way of collecting funds this season. What with the expenses of the political campaign, and the aid given to the Kansas sufferers, all available means seem to have been used; and then, the small crops raised last year throughout the West have given an air of poverty unusual, I am told. In Michigan, persons who have heretofore given from five to fifty dollars annually to the cause, this year are actually unable to give any thing but kindly wishes. Another season, I trust some of these embarrassments will be removed.

I am, yours for the rights of all,

LUCY N. COLMAN.

LETTER FROM REV. A. T. FOSS.

Extract of a letter from ANDREW T. Foss, dated STERLING, Whiteside Co., Ill., Feb. 20, 1857.

DEAR FRIEND MAY,—I have not been able to reach Lyndon yet, in consequence of the tremendous freshet which has recently occurred. Lyndon lies on the other side of the Elkhorn, and every bridge is gone, and we cannot reach there till the river runs down so as to be fordable. In the meantime, I have been holding meetings on this side of the river, and am greatly encouraged. LUCY N. COLMAN is with me, and doing very effective service both as a speaker and collecting agent.

Our meetings have been larger than I have had in any other part of the West. The people come in crowds. I enclose the notice of our meetings in Sterling, from the Sterling *Republican*, that you may see what the feeling is here:—

'On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the Court House was densely crowded with attentive listeners to lectures delivered by Mr. Foss, of Boston, and Lucy Colman, of Rochester, N. Y. The lecturers are Garrisonians, but possess an inexhaustible quantity of what is vulgarly called 'gab.' Though we cannot endorse the extreme views advanced by them, yet we must say, we were highly pleased in listening to their lectures. Miss Colman is a very fair lecturer, and quite pleasing in her manner Mr. Foss is one of the best lecturers on Abolitionism extant. His voice is loud, his gestures pleasing, and his manner of delivery quite earnest. He shows up the corruption of the Democratic party, and the aggressive policy of the Slave Power. We do not admire the manner in which he attacks the Constitution, nor do we endorse more than one half of his conclusions. But the greater share of his lecture is truth which cannot be successfully confuted. They are agents of the Anti-Slavery Association, and design travelling through our county and the entire State.

'This evening, Lucy Colman will lecture in the Court House. Subject—'Woman's Rights and Woman's Wrongs.' She will be assisted by Mr. Foss.'

I am sure that Illinois is one of the most interesting fields now open to us. We are also strongly urged to go into Wisconsin.

We are now stopping, *mud-bound*, for a day or two at Jacob Powell's, who is a whole-souled man. He embraces our doctrines, and his hospitable home has been freely opened to us.

As ever,

A. T. FOSS.

SLAVERY VS. FREEDOM.

GEORGE FITZHUGH, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—As the readers of THE LIBERATOR may wish to know what has become of our controversy, and as I wish to make to you publicly a proposition for a test of the virtues of your form of society in regard to bringing all great questions to the test of reason and investigation, I address you a few lines through a paper which finds its way to your study.

I had hoped that my friend would assume a share of the trouble of the publication of our correspondence, and give the work a circulation at the South as well as at the North; but this you thought proper to decline.

After much delay, arrangements have been made for the publication of our letters. The pamphlet, one thousand copies, will be got out in about three weeks. It will contain about forty pages, and will be brought out in excellent style. As you directed, your manuscript was sent to your friend, Mr. Gerrit Smith, for correction.

Now, Mr. Fitzhugh, what I propose is simply this, that you take a share of the pamphlets for circulation in your section. I shall put the work at the very low price of ten cents per single copy, or eight cents in packages of not less than fifty, to be sent by express. But I will not charge you even these rates. You may have a few hundred copies at the bare cost of publication. Of course, I do not wish you to take the pamphlets, if the proscriptive spirit of your form of society would preclude their circulation. What does my friend think about it? Does the South love darkness rather than light? If so, is such a form of society, to be recommended? Is it, Mr. Fitzhugh?

A note in THE LIBERATOR will be expected in reply to this.

Very truly, yours,

A. HOGEBOOM.

Shed's Corner, Madison Co., N. Y., Feb. 22, 1857.

ORIGIN OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

BOSTON, Feb. 25th, 1857.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

I believe it is generally conceded that Mrs. C. S. Brown was the originator of the Industrial School at Lancaster. She labored long, both in private and by public lectures, to awaken the sentiment of the community to the importance of the object.

In the winter of 1854, she penned the petition for a State Reform School for Girls, and signed it with one name, and that her own. It needed no other—the subject commended itself. Mrs. Brown was invited to address the Committee on Charitable Institutions, and did so, with others, at three successive meetings, Hon. James D. Green being Chairman. To give 'weight and influence' to her project, Mrs. B. very happily alluded to an incidental recommendation of Gov. Washburn in his Inaugural Address for this measure. This was enough, in connection with the arguments and facts offered in favor of the Institution. Their names were incorporated together in the report of the Committee.

Mrs. Brown asked an appropriation of ten thousand dollars from the Legislature, provided the same amount should be raised by private donations or otherwise. The amount was doubled on the same condition—that the like sum be raised from the people; and it is due to certain benevolent and wealthy citizens of Boston, New Bedford and Worcester, that the sum was raised, namely, twenty thousand dollars. Mrs. B. paid in the first one hundred dollars to the State Treasury—given by Mrs. Robinson, of Salem—but she herself never received enough to defray her own expenses while laboring for the object.

The enterprising town of Lancaster gave the beautiful site where the Institution is located, and is now the happy home of many unfortunate girls, who may yet, in their turn, become the ornament and pride of the Old Bay State.

Please inform 'Colporteur' of his mistake in his article 'Notes by the Way,' in THE LIBERATOR of last week.

JUSTICE.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Dr. AUGUSTINE C. TAFT, for several years past Agent of the Boston Society for Aiding Discharged Convicts, and also State Agent for the same, died at his residence in Framingham, on Wednesday, 18th February last. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society, held on Wednesday, February 25th, the following resolves were passed:—

Resolved, That the death of Dr. Taft has called us to consider and record his faithfulness and fitness in the office of our agent for discharged convicts, to which he always seemed to us elected by natural constitution first, and then by our votes. We remember, and cannot forget, his patience, his constant work, his fair constructions of motive, his hope, his fellowship in human kindness, his help without reproach, his natural methods, the contagious sincerity of his presence, all standing to him for wisdom and power in his office; and, moreover, his singular modesty, which leaves him publicly unknown, because he could never tell his own story, having still a great story of success to tell.

Resolved, That in his long sickness, he has had our sympathy, and we now offer our sympathy to his widow and family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published, and also sent to the widow and family of Dr. Taft.

WALTER CHANNING, *President.*
S. G. HOWE, *Vice President.*
JOHN W. BROWNE, *Secretary.*

APPREHENDED INSURRECTION OF THE MASTERS.—The Nashville *Gazette* tells the following story of the recent negro excitement in that vicinity:

'A few weeks ago, during the existence of the patrol regulations, an old negro man was found secreted in a piece of woods, a few miles from town, evidently laboring under great fear and trepidation. On being asked why he was there, he said he was afraid to stay at the house where he belonged, and which was close by. 'What are you afraid of?' was asked. 'Why,' he said, '*Old Mistress* has gone to bed with a pistol on one side of her, and a great big knife on the other, and I'm afraid she'll *rise*'!

The cruelty and injustice manifested in the ordinary operations of slavery are bad enough, one would think; but in addition to these, the negroes have to suffer the constant fear, and in many cases to encounter the horrible reality, of a simultaneous 'rising' of the masters against them, and a savage whipping, torturing, hanging or burning alive, according to the degree of panic felt, of all those on whom they can fix the slightest suspicion. Examination of witnesses by torture is as common now in the slave States as it formerly was in the Inquisitorial Offices at Madrid and Goa; and yet great numbers of 'gentlemen and ladies who live at home at ease' are constantly censuring us for our want of charity *for the slaveholders*. Let us take things in their proper order. After the slaves are set free, and their arrears of wages paid up, and their actions for false imprisonment, assault, mutulation, robbery, rape, and abuse of every kind are all satisfactorily settled, if the masters have any grievances to show, we will look into them.—C. K. W.

FRIEND GARRISON,—I hope all of our Disunion friends who were induced, at the last election, to vote 'this once,' in the delusive expectation that a great gain to the cause of the slave would be secured in the triumph of the Republican party and the election of John C. Fremont, will specially notice the remarks of S. J. May (under whose influence many of them were induced to vote) at the Rochester Convention, that he is *now glad* that that party (the Republican, for whom he voted) *did not succeed*.

J. A. H.

Extract of a letter from a friend in Rhode Island, dated Feb. 12th, 1857:—

'We had an excellent meeting in Providence last first day, addressed by HENRY C. WRIGHT. Oh! it is sublime to see a man stand up before God and man, and speaking out his entire thought, afraid of nothing but wrong, and seeking only the good of his fellow-man. Though a stormy day, the hall was nearly filled with an audience, prepared to hear all that H. C. W. had to say.'

Extract of a letter from BENJAMIN S. JONES, dated

ETNA, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Feb. 27, 1857.

'I am glad to be able to say to you that we have had a grand, good time since we came to this county; have had large meetings every night, and on Sunday through the day. At Dryden, we had the M. E. church full three times, one afternoon and two evenings; and I felt we were doing more there than at any convention that could be held at any country town around here. We have had invitations to other places, which, should we accept them all, would keep us here two or three weeks longer. Under the circumstances, we have determined to stay at least another week, that we may do some of the work which is calling for us.'

NEW YORK CENTRAL COLLEGE. We call the special attention of our readers to the appeals made in behalf of this meritorious institution, on our last page, by its President and Librarian; and we second those appeals with all our heart, trusting they will be generously responded to by those who have the means to aid. We know of no similar institution so catholic in spirit, so free from the spirit of caste as pertaining to complexion and sex, and so full of promise as to its bearing upon the cause of freedom and progress; and, therefore, none so worthy of warm encouragement and substantial aid.

MR. GARRISON AND HIS NATIVE PLACE. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from Newburyport under date of Feb. 27th, says:—

'Wm. Lloyd Garrison is engaged to deliver the closing lecture before the Newburyport Lyceum. The announcement of the fact has created quite a commotion among the old fogies. The result of this commotion will prove the same as in the case of Theodore Parker at Manchester. It is strange how easily the prejudices of mankind are sometimes disturbed. How far the prejudices against Mr. Garrison may extend, I cannot now say. No 'protest' has yet appeared, but there is no telling what a day may bring forth. It seems very fitting that Mr. Garrison, whose name is a household word, not only in this country, but many others, and who is a native of Newburyport—it is fitting, I say, that he should be invited to lecture here. Because Garrison has his own peculiar, not to say fanatical views, on the slavery question, it is no proof that his intellectual powers cannot comprehend any other subject. This fact is overlooked by his opponents. His subject will be, 'The dead Past and living Present.' Undoubtedly Mr. Garrison will prove himself at home in elucidating his subject, and perhaps hit some hard blows all round. He will draw a full audience, as it will be his first appearance before a Newburyport audience for a number of years.'

☞ We learn that the last lecture before the Lyceum, for this season, will be delivered next week by WM. LLOYD GARRISON. Mr. G. has probably been invited by the Manager as a compliment to a native of the city, who is known in both hemispheres as a poet, a prose writer, an orator, and a philanthropist. He does not select a subject at all involving his peculiar views, but will speak upon 'The Dead Past, and Living Present.' Many of our citizens who have never seen or heard him, so much observed and listened to, will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to do so.—*Newburyport Herald.*

EXCITING NEWS FROM KANSAS!

LECOMPTON, K. T., Feb. 19, 1857.

An affray took place here last night in which Sheriff Sherrod was killed and three other men wounded. A meeting of Geary's friends was held at the Capitol to sustain his course and express disapprobation of the recent outrage to him. Sherrod and his friends came armed, to break it up. When the resolutions were read, Sherrod declared that any one voting for them was a liar and a coward. The excitement grew intense. Sherrod drew his pistol and fired, wounding a man named Shepherd. Miscellaneous shooting then began, and was continued for some time. Mr. Sherrod was shot through the head by a young man named Jones, who came from Pennsylvania with the Governor. Shepherd has two bullets in his thigh and a wound on his head; two others are slightly wounded. The Sherrod men, seeing they would be overpowered, offered no violence after Sherrod fell.

Young Jones was arrested by a bogus sheriff, and after the meeting was thus broken up, Gov. Geary called out the troops to prevent his being lynched. The Governor also organized a company to defend himself, but disbanded it at dusk last night. More violence is apprehended, as great excitement still prevails.

The Legislature has passed a Territorial election law, based on the census which provided for the Constitutional Convention. Only those who may be in the Territory in April, and whose names shall be registered, are to vote at the next October election.

The Governor has sent in no more vetoes.

STILL LATER.

LECOMPTON, K. T., Feb. 21, 1857.

Since the last dispatch all has been quiet here. Gov. Geary vetoed the bill passed by the bogus Legislature, for taking the census, and for calling a convention for framing a State Constitution, when it was passed over his veto by a unanimous vote. The Governor approved the act delaring resistance to the bogus laws rebellion, and punishable with death. He has altogether vetoed only two bills, and has signed and approved all the others. The Legislature adjourned just after daylight this morning, after a long night session, during which they passed a concurrent resolution of good will toward Gov. Geary, and gave him a friendly call after adjournment.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 27, 1857.

A letter to the *Democrat*, dated Lecompton, the 17th inst., says General Richardson, Major General of the Kansas Militia, and member of the Territorial Legislature, died at Lecompton on the 14th.

THE DRED SCOTT CASE. The New York *Tribune* learns that the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case, will, by a large majority, sustain the extreme Southern ground, denying the constitutionality of the Missouri compromise. Probably Judges Curtis and McLean will alone dissent, Judge Nelson who has been heretofore relied upon by many as likely to favor the side of freedom, going with the South. The decree of the court will, it is supposed, be given in a few days—perhaps the day before or the day following the inauguration.

Death of Dr. Kane.—This intrepid Arctic Explorer is dead, having lingered until the 16th ult., when he expired at Havana. A New Orleans despatch of Tuesday of last week says:—

'The steamer Cahawba, from Havana, 20th, brought the remains of Dr. Kane. The body now lies in state at the City Hall. To-morrow it will be placed on board the steamer for Louisville, *en route* to Philadelphia. An escort of the civil and military associations and private citizens will accompany it to the boat. The highest honors were paid to Dr. Kane's remains by the officials of Cuba.'

A large meeting was held in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 27th ult., to pay a tribute to the exalted worth of the late Dr. Kane. A committee was appointed to coöperate with the City Councils in receiving his remains, and paying the last sad honors to them. A series of resolutions were adopted, testifying to the great virtues, noble deeds, and eminent public services of the deceased.

Supposed Case of Kidnapping.—On Sunday, a colored boy, named Albert Smith, who was employed at 53 Watt street, attended Sunday school, after which he went to the house of an aunt in Spring street. After remaining there a short time, he said he must return to his employer's house, and left. He has not been seen or heard of since, and it is believed that he has been kidnapped. He was an orphan, ten years old, and unusually intelligent and fine looking.

Terrible Famine in Norway.—The English papers say, that owing to the failure of their crops, the inhabitants of Lapland and Finmark, bordering on the North Cape of Norway, are in a state of dreadful misery. Hundreds are dying daily of starvation, and the living are compelled to subsist as best they can, on the bark of trees ground and cooked with oats.

Capital Punishment in Rhode Island.—The Rhode Island House of Representatives, on Thursday of last week, voted to restore the death penalty in that State. The Providence *Journal* says it is not improbable that this vote will be reversed when the bill comes up on a second reading.

Mr. Sumner at Washington.—Mr. Sumner was in his seat in the Senate until half past one o'clock on the night of the 26th ult. His vote saved the tariff from a reduction which would have been fatal to manufactures. Mr. Sumner will proceed to New York on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 4, and sail for Europe on the succeeding Saturday.

☞ It is reported by a correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, that the Administration of Mr. Pierce will go out in a blaze of glory upon the annexation to the Union of the Mexican province of Sonora. The price to be paid is fifteen millions of dollars. Of course, the new Territory will be made a slave State, unless the people of the North exhibit a more determined attitude on the question than is to be expected of them.

The Wisconsin Personal Liberty Bill.—The Personal Liberty Bill which has passed the Wisconsin Legislature, directs trial by jury to be provided for persons claimed as slaves, punishes false and malicious arrests of persons as fugitive slaves with $1000 fine, and gives power to county courts to grant writs of *habeas corpus*.

☞ The Personal Liberty Bill recently passed by the Legislature of Wisconsin is based upon the decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin that the Fugitive Slave Act is unconstitutional and void. It secures for all persons claimed as fugitive slaves trial by jury, the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and proof of the fact of slavery by at least two credible witnesses. Severe penalties are imposed for falsely representing a free person to be a slave.

DR. J. C. AYER, the world-renowned chemist of New York, is now stopping at the Burnet House in this city. He has been making a tour of the Western States, with his scientific associates, to investigate their remedial productions, or such as he can make remedial. We notice he has been received with marked distinction by our leading citizens of the West, and are rejoiced to find they have shown a proper estimate of the man who perhaps has done more for the relief of human life than any other American.—*Daily Journal, Cincinnati, O.*

THE BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS. For beautifying the complexion, cleansing the teeth, bathing, shaving, and all toilet purposes, this cosmetic is unrivalled. Lewis Gaylord Clark, of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, says of it: 'We can say, from ocular proof, that the Balm of Thousand Flowers, a preparation for removing tan, pimples and freckles from the face, shaving, cleansing the teeth, perfuming the breath, &c., Fetridge & Co., proprietors, is the best article of the kind we have ever encountered.' Price, 50 cents a bottle. A. Williams & Co., General Agents, 100 Washington street, Boston.

July 25. eop6m

☞ CONFERENCE ON IMPORTANT TOPICS.—The undersigned, a Committee of Arrangements in behalf of a number of persons interested in Human Progress as connected with the Spiritual unfoldings of the present day, have made preparations for a series of meetings, to be held in the city of Boston, to commence on the 10th day of March, 1857, with a view of considering the following topics, viz.:

1st. The relation which Man bears to the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms.

2d. The grand principles of the Masculine and Feminine, as exhibited in each and all of these kingdoms.

3d. The whole subject of Reproduction, as it relates to the mineral, vegetable and animal worlds.

4th. The whole subject of Marriage, as a natural, a moral, a religious and a spiritual relation.

5th. The subject of Education, in all its various ramifications.

6th. The whole subject of Individual and Collective Rights.

7th. To consider the wisdom of taking incipient steps towards forming a new Confederation, wherein the distinctions of clime, of color and of sex will be no bar to equality.

Persons interested in any or all of these subjects, (which are believed to be intimately related to human advancement at its present stage,) in connection with spiritual teachings of the higher class, are cordially invited to be present, and take part in or listen to the deliberations of this occasion. Communications relating to any of these topics, from such as may be unable to be present, are also solicited.

Persons desirous of submitting addresses or papers on either of these subjects are requested to notify the Committee, (to the care of E. A. Newton,) at their earliest convenience. The Committee will endeavor to make such arrangements as shall secure opportunity for calm, orderly and instructive deliberation, and for the elucidation of important principles for practical guidance in the interesting future now opening to Humanity.

The meetings will open in Horticultural Hall, School street, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the day above named, and continue two or more days.

ELIZA J. KENNEY,
SAMUEL T. THOMPSON,
HARRIET R. THOMPSON,
JONATHAN BUFFUM,
E. A. NEWTON, } *Committee.*

☞ COURSE OF LECURES ON CRIME.—C. SPEAR will deliver an Address next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Vandenhoff's Hall, Mercantile Building, 16 Summer street, on the Death Penalty.

☞ C. C. BURLEIGH will speak at Barnstable, Friday evening, March 6.

☞ PROVIDENCE, R. I. CHARLES L. REMOND will speak at PROVIDENCE, in the regular course of Anti-Slavery meetings, on Sunday next, March 8th, afternoon and evening.

☞ AARON M. POWELL, an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, is expected to lecture as follows, in Duchess Co., N. Y.:

Pleasant Valley, March 10, 11 and 12.
Clinton Hollow, " 14 and 15.

DIED—In this city, Feb. 7, JEHIEL BEMAN, aged 17. Amiable and persevering, his friends need not lament his departure from earth to heaven, for to him it was a pleasing anticipation.

In Henniker, (N. H.) February 27, Deacon OLIVER PILLSBURY, aged 73.

This venerable man was the father of PARKER PILLSBURY, and was greatly respected for his integrity of character, conscientious fidelity to his convictions of duty, and warm sympathy for the slave.

Lithotype Printing.

THIS is a new art, recently patented by the inventor, Mr. JOSIAH WARREN, and is destined to come into general use. It is a substitute for stereotyping. The material used is much cheaper and more durable than type metal, and is easily procured. Already has it been successfully introduced into several popular printing and publishing establishments in this country. But it cannot be monopolized by large concerns or wealthy proprietors. The extreme cheapness of the materials used, and the simple process of manufacturing the moulds and plates, will render Lithotype printing practicable and advantageous to the common printer everywhere. The economy of it will enable one to do the same amount of business with less capital than is needed in the present mode. It will save both money and labor. Plates can be cast from matter which is required to stand, such as blanks, labels, advertisements, pamphlets, &c. (any matter with low quadrates and spaces,) and the type relieved for other purposes. Thus the printer will avoid resetting a great amount of matter, and actually manufacture a large portion of his type. Will not this be an advantage worth possessing?

The art is also practicable for Pictorial Illustrations, with the same simplicity of execution, and economy of labor and expense.

The apparatus for manufacturing Moulds and Plates sufficient for any ordinary office, can be procured at a moderate cost.

It is the desire of the inventor to introduce this art into country printing offices; and to such the Right will be sold at a cheap rate, accompanied with the necessary instructions. The Mould and Plate materials will also be furnished, (and Apparatus, if desired,) or any information given, on application to A. G. SPALDING, Cambridgeport, Mass.

March 6.

NEW YORK
Central College.

THIS College is situated near McGrawville, in Cortland County, N. Y. It is at present manifesting gratifying signs of success. Its Faculty, which has always been considered an able one, continues vigorous, and, as the number of students increases, new Professors are added to the force, by this means rendering the College more effective in the fulfilment of its high and important mission as an educational institution.

It embraces two departments—the Academic and the Collegiate. Persons are admitted as students irrespective of denominational distinction, color or sex—a good moral character and a determination to learn being the necessary qualifications. It is the fixed determination of the friends of this College to make it a model institution—one that shall commend itself to the hearts of patriots and Christians. It is anti-slavery and anti-sectarian in its character, recognizing and fellowshipping him as a Christian in whom it discovers the spirit and image of Christ. The cost per annum to students does not exceed $140 in the Collegiate and $120 in the Academic department. There is connected with the College a farm of seventy-five acres, which it is designed shall be used for the development of Agricultural Science, and furnish labor to a considerable extent for those who are entirely dependent on their own efforts for an education.

The Faculty is now engaged in an effort to endow the College, and thus to extend its usefulness. Since its commencement, it has not been the recipient of any State appropriation, but has subsisted entirely upon the fees from students and the contributions from its friends.

The friends of cheap and liberal education, and especially those who sanction the principle which extends these privileges to all, without distinction of sex, color or caste, are most respectfully solicited to tender their aid to the Faculty in their praiseworthy effort.

Contributions may be forwarded by mail, or personally, to Mr. WILLIAM HERRIES, Agent for the Faculty, 195 Broadway, N. Y., who will give a receipt for the sum contributed, as also an historical account of the College.

Persons desirous of entering the College as students may procure the necessary information on application to the above source.

March 6.

The Book that Sells.

VIOLET:

OR,

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

BY MARIA J. McINTOSH.

☞ The Tenth Thousand of this most charming book is ready this morning.

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,
M6 6w Publishers.

IOWA AND MINNESOTA.

PARKER'S

Handbooks of these States,

With new MAPS. Each volume complete in itself. Price, 75 cents each.

Every traveller to the West should purchase these admirable Handbooks.

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,
M6 6w Publishers, Boston.

'It is not Good for man to be Alone.'

'The Old Physician' Again.

HIS NEW WORK IS NOW READY,

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY
OF

Courtship & Marriage,

Designed as a companion to that excellent book,

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The following is the Table of Contents of the first Part of this unique book:—

CHAP. I. Is Marriage a Duty?
II. Nature and Design of Marriage.
III. How the ends of Marriage are to be secured, or Rational Courtship.
IV. The Philosophy of being in Love.
V. At what Age should we Marry?
VI. On Equality in Marriage.
VII. Are Second Marriages desirable?
VIII. The Perpetuity of Marriage.

Part II. contains 32 chapters under the general head of

PROPER QUALIFICATIONS FOR MARRIAGE,

treated in the inimitable style for which 'The Old Physician' is justly celebrated.

In one vol. 18 mo. Price, 75 cents.

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,
BOSTON,
HENRY P. B. JEWETT.
M6 6w CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Psalms of Life.

A COMPILATION of PSALMS, HYMNS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, &c., embodying the SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE, and REFORMATORY SENTIMENT of the Present Age. By JOHN S. ADAMS.

This Work is adapted to Public and Private

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

WHERE, SLAVERY, WHERE?

Where, Slavery, where are thy Great, Wise and Good?
Where thy proud names, gracing th' historic page,
Or waking memories like dear household words?
Where, Slavery, where?

Where are thy sages? where thy Newton, Locke?
Those sons of freedom; canst thou boast of such?
Where are thy souls of intellectual might?
Where, Slavery, where?

Where are thy statesmen, who, to distant times,
And farthest lands, shall spread thy honored name?
Where are thy equal laws, so wisely framed?
Where, Slavery, where?

Where are thy patriots, who nobly dare
All for their father-land, its fame their own;
Leaving to sordid souls their paltry gains?
Where, Slavery, where?

Where are thy poets, Slavery, through all time
Hymning thy glories in undying strains?
Where are thy tales, painting fair household scenes?
Where, Slavery, where?

Where are thy homes of peace, and joy, and trust;
Where parents, children, servants safely dwell,
Honor and love binding the social tie?
Where, Slavery, where?

Ah, wretched Slavery! thou hast none of these!
Wisdom and goodness, love and honor, flee
Thy precincts; Ruin dogs thee—Oh! beware,
Slavery, beware!

And dost thou think the cruel hand that wields
The lash, can hold the sceptre? the harsh voice
Thy trembling slaves obey can rule the earth?
No, Slavery, no!

Evil must have an end: it cannot live
Through the vast cycles of eternity.
Boast as thou wilt, thy days are numbered!
Die, Slavery, die!

That earth, which in our race's infancy
God's voice called 'Good,' shall cast thee off as dross;
Thee, and *all* evil; and again be fair
As in her prime.

And thy oppressed ones, vile Slavery,
To whom thou didst deny a brother's name,
Their degradation and their woes forgot,
Be ruled by equal laws, and equal blessings share,
Vile Slavery dead.

JANE ASHBY.

Tenterden, (Kent,) England.

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play,
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I know:
Around the hearth come joy and mirth,
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! come dark—'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm ere long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first, not second best;
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties poured
When they sit down to dine;
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Without these twain, the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare!
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high;
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long;—
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke, one night, from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The Vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd—'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said—'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names of those whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

'THE PRESS.'

WRITTEN BY ALBERT LAIGHTON, OF PORTSMOUTH.

We twine no Victor's wreath to-day;
We hail with shouts no new-crowned king;
The song of triumph that we sing
Inspires a nobler zeal than they!

The Press! whose banner wears no stain
Of blood-told conquests from the field;
Lo! Peace is blazoned on its shield,
And in its conflicts none are slain.

Its power can stamp the Patriot's worth;
Its mandate seal the coward's doom;
Its bolts divide Oppression's gloom,
And shake the proudest throne on earth.

When Justice sleeps, or Duty swerves,
Or traitors act their lying part,
A Voice bursts from its mighty heart,
And thrills along its iron nerves;—

Till distant nations pause to hear;
Till vale and glen and mountain height
Repeat the cry for Truth and Right,
And Guilt and Wrong shrink back with fear.

The Press! whose vantage-ground is Mind;
Language its sceptre of control;
Its chariot wheels are thoughts that roll,
And leave a track of light behind.

Long may it live to bless the world,
A priceless heritage to man;
A champion ever in the van,
With Freedom's banner wide unfurled!

LITTLE GRAVES.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light have fled;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie—
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

The Liberator.

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY TO THE ALBANY CONVENTION.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 20, 1857.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I am so much disappointed in not being able to attend your Convention to-day and to-morrow, that I can console myself only by communing with you, awhile, through the medium of my pen.

I rejoice that an assembly will be gathered in the capital city of our State to consider its relation to this American Republic, which has become a slave-holding oligarchy—no better, in its action upon millions of the people, than the most ruthless despotism; a despotism which not only holds in the most abject slavery one seventh part of the population, but denounces and inflicts its summary vengeance upon every one who, south of Mason and Dixon's line, dares to say a word, or heave a sigh, for the oppressed.

Albany is the spot where the lovers of science are erecting an Observatory, from which they may survey the machinery of the heavens; discover the relations of the greater and lesser orbs to each other; study the laws which govern their movements, and detect the influences which may seem to disturb their perfect harmony. All this is well. Such knowledge is worth all the pains that may be necessary to acquire it. The astronomical world is the object of an exalted curiosity. I would not that it should be less. And yet there is a science that concerns our well-being vastly more.

'Behold the midnight glory! worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze!
Ten thousand add; and twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole;—ONE SOUL outweighs them all.'

'The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.'

'Man's science is the culture of the heart.' Well, therefore, would it be if, not for a few days only, but always, there should be, near the Observatory at Albany, wise men and women gathered, attentively observing the working of the great *political* machinery, of which our Empire State is the most important wheel. The ordinances of the stellar world will work beneficently, as the great Creator intended they should, whether we understand, whether we heed them or not. Far otherwise with the institutions and laws of our political world. They were imperfect in the beginning, and have been tending to corruption and disorder ever since. God has left the welfare of bodies politic, no less than of individuals, in a great measure, to their own keeping. And there is no place from which the keeping of our body politic, our great Republic, ought to be more carefully watched, more thoroughly scrutinized, than the capital of the Empire State. New York alone has the power, if she had the virtue, to make the action of our General Government conducive to the best interests of humanity. Her population, her position, her wealth, her intellectual, agricultural, manufacturing and commercial activities, all together make the pulsations of her heart to be felt throughout every member and fibre of our nation. I tremble when I think of *the responsibility of this State*. And I pray God that the representatives of this people may be made to tremble, when they shall hear, as I trust they will, on Sunday evening, in their own hall, a faithful exposition of the awful predicament into which our slave-holding confederates have brought our Republic,—a predicament from which some of the best minds and purest hearts in the land can see no escape, but by *the dissolution of our Union*.

I long to be present in the highest political place of this Empire State, when it shall be proclaimed there, that the dissolution of this Union is our wisdom, our duty, our only escape from sin and moral death, as a community. Most persons, I know, revolt at the thought of dissolution; but of what value, I beg them to tell me, has our union with the slave-holding States been to us, intellectually, morally, politically?

Intellectually? They have contributed scarcely any thing to the literature or science of our country. What standard work on any subject has come to us from the Southern press? What important discovery in science or art has ever been made by a slaveholding mind? Why, even the machine by which they have subjugated the nation to their will, the Cotton-Gin, was not an invention of their own. It was contrived in Connecticut.

Has the Union been of any value to us morally? Not any. Worse than that: it has persuaded us to consent to the most grievous wrongs, the most flagrant crimes; to give our countenance and support to 'the sum of all villanies'; to stand by, acquiescing in the enslavement of millions of our fellow-beings—ay, far worse than this, *holding* their victims, while the slave-masters strip them of every right, outrage every affection of their hearts, lacerate their bodies and crush their souls. And the Church at the North, as a whole, is saying *Amen*. Prominent ministers of all denominations have labored to convince the people that the Bible sanctions slavery. And the great body of Christians, so called, have turned their backs upon the millions, oppressed, benighted millions in our own country, and have claimed the praise of men and the blessing of God for their zeal in sending missionaries, Bibles and tracts to the heathen in India and the Pacific Isles.

Well, granting all this, have we not been *politically* benefitted by our union with slaveholders? How blind must they be who ask this question! It is just here, in our political relations, that they have plied those arts, by which they have gotten the government of our nation into their own hands, and have made it work for their aggrandizement. The slave owners are few in number. They are lords of the soil, and possessors of most of the other wealth of the South. They hold all the rest of the people, the nominally free as well as the slaves, in subjection to their interests; and they have always acted with a unity of purpose and an energy of will that have given them the mastery in almost every conflict with non-slaveholders. The preservation of their despotic power has been their prime object: and the domestic and foreign policy of the nation has been uniformly bent to that object. When have the slaveholders made the slightest concessions to the claims of liberty? Never in a single instance, if we except, perhaps, the Missouri Compromise,—and that barrier to their extension they are now trampling under their feet. By their unanimity and tact, they have kept the North divided, and have so played off our political parties against each other as to bring both Whigs and Democrats to subserve their purposes. Surely, it will no longer be pretended that our union with them has been beneficial to us politically, seeing that it has brought our Republic to be a slaveholding oligarchy, no better than the most relentless despotism, in respect to four millions who are enslaved, and to all who may desire their emancipation.

Of what value, then, is the Union to us? What is it that has so besotted the people of the Northern States, that they should be such idolators of the Union?—that they should regard with a sort of pious horror any one who presumes to question its value and speak of its dissolution? In no respect whatever has it been a benefit to us, excepting, perhaps, pecuniarily. It may not be denied that the trade of the North in the staple productions of the South has increased greatly our wealth. But those productions would have been much more abundant and cheaper if raised by free instead of shackled hands; and in that case, too, the Southern States would have been able to sustain their own institutions, and not have leaned, as they always have, heavily upon us for support. But, what if our union has been most profitable to us pecuniarily? What if we have been enabled, by our connection with slaveholders, to accumulate a thousand-fold more than we could have done otherwise?—

'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.'

O, how much greater is the value of the manhood we have lost, than all the riches we have gained! Not what we possess, but what we are, is the true measure of our worth. See, then, how the manhood of the Northern people, the people of New York, the people of New England,—see how their manhood has declined! They, the descendants of sires who were the first to defy the giant power of Great Britain, and prompt to endure more than their proportion of the hardships and expenses of the Revolutionary War, for the sake of liberty,—they are now consenting with slaveholders to enforce upon millions a wrong, 'one hour of which outweighs whole ages of that which their fathers threw off.' And for the sake of a union which requires this cruel service of them, these degenerate sons are consenting to have their fellow-citizens, (ay, even the venerable delegates of a State's authority,) ruthlessly driven with insult and violence out of one half the States of this Confederacy, because they speak of the rights of humanity. Nay, more, these modern men of the North can patiently hear the glorious Declaration of their fathers denounced as a 'rhetorical flourish,' a 'barren abstraction'; can see, without crying 'to the rescue,' fellow-beings dragged through their streets to be plunged into the hell of slavery; and can behold, without Revolution, that noble Senator who dared to inculcate from his seat the principles of Jefferson and Franklin, stricken to the floor of the Senate Chamber by the blow of a slaveholding legislator. What more need a people say or bear, to show that they have lost their manhood?

If this evil has been brought upon us by our union with slaveholders, let that union be accursed! Let the good, the true, the free, the liberty-loving, separate themselves from it! It cannot be dissolved too soon.

I have been deeply impressed by the speeches that were made at Worcester on the 15th of January last, and by the speeches I have since heard in the Conventions at Rochester and Syracuse. I have no attachment to the Union that would keep me a moment from adopting the course you propose, when I shall see that the Union cannot be perpetuated and slavery be banished from it. That it cannot be, I am almost persuaded by the fearful concessions that have been made to slaveholders by the leading members and the leading journals of the Republican party, from which, a few months ago, I hoped so much.

If a political party shall be formed, avowing its determination to do all that may be done under our present pro-slavery Constitution to extirpate slavery, I shall perhaps unite with it; but I shall never again give the little influence I may have to a party that ignores the claims of our colored population, and will consent to the undisturbed continuance of slavery in the States where it now exists, provided its extension into the territories north of 36 30 may be for ever forbidden. Slavery ought not to be tolerated any where; and if this Union is to be preserved only on the condition that this system of egregious wrongs is to be perpetuated, then I say, *Perish the Union!* Let every good man and true withdraw himself from it, and do all he may to persuade others to withdraw.

Yours, truly, SAMUEL J. MAY.

To the President of the Anti-Slavery Convention in Albany, Feb. 20, 21, and 22, 1857.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

EQUAL RIGHTS — THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts:

Your petitioner, believing that all true governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that taxation without representation is totally inconsistent with the Republican theory, equally oppressive and unjust in its results, upon whatever sex or class imposed, respectfully prays you to adopt such measures as will eventually secure to woman the right of suffrage.

In the general excitement now prevailing throughout the community, it will doubtless seem an absurdity to many of you to press this subject upon the public mind, already distracted by so many contending issues; but it is upon the causes of this excitement that your petitioner founds her strongest argument for thus claiming your attention at this time. When banks and tariffs rule the hour, and political strife is but the index of the mercantile interest, it is an unfavorable moment to urge its claims, compared with that period when the agitation of a great moral question permeates every stratum of individual thought, appealing alike to the conscience of man and woman, arousing her from the lethargy incident to her position, to a consciousness of public wrongs of which she can no longer be an indifferent spectator, as they press nearer and nearer upon her own threshold.—Her indifference toward the Carolinian slave warms into active sympathy when she sees her husband or brother stricken down on the plains of Kansas, and she traces the unity of that power which is the cause of both these deeds. The impropriety of her mixing with politics is forgotten, as she rushes forth instinctively to mingle in political gatherings when ruffian hands have laid low a Senator who has won her esteem and admiration by the rich effusions of his high moral and intellectual attainments, and the glowing eloquence with which he has strown with flowers the thorny pathway of politics. The corruptions of politics, the delicate and sensitive nature of woman, and her acquiescence thus far, domestic duties, are among the many objections urged against her admission to public life; all totally groundless, and destined, like the cry of 'Amalgamation' in the earlier stages of the Anti-Slavery cause, to perish with the breath of those who raise them.

What are politics? They are the product of thought, bearing the impression of the minds who create them; becoming elevated in their moral tone, in proportion as we become elevated by a purer morality and a purer Christianity. They mould the pulpit, control the press, and hold in their mighty hands the destinies of nations, in which woman must share and suffer.

Was it not that power which framed the Inquisition, invented the rack, led Madame Roland to the scaffold, and hung Mary Dyer on Boston Common? Is it not that power which drenches the earth in the blood of her children, and desecrates the name of Humanity by baptizing, in the name of Christianity, Freedom and Equality, the most stupendous wrong that ever disgraced heathen or pagan land?—which degrades woman to the life of the harem under the shadow of the Crescent, and sells her on the auction-block beneath the stars and stripes of a Republic? Must she sit for ever with folded arms and listless ears, the silent witness in her own heart of mental agonies forced upon her by the painful consciousness that life has not borne the rich fruit to which the faculties of her immortal spirit had predestined her, when tragedies like these are summoning the energies of the world to battle with wrong and error? No; the talent which has been committed to her charge is required at her hands. She owes it to herself to gain a voice in that legislation which excludes her as a free agent, while it condemns her as a criminal. If it is degrading for her to go to the ballot-box, because of the drunkenness and vulgarity with which she must associate there, it is doubly so for her to submit to laws emanating from such vile sources. Public sentiment is very solicitous for her welfare when any question of public interest is at stake, but it has no sympathy to waste for the severer trials of her private life. It expresses no fear that she will suffer physically or morally when her husband is carried home to her in a state of intoxication which the rowdyism of the bar-room will not tolerate, nor breathes any solace for her wounded soul as she sees him the wandering outcast of society, and her dearest hopes of earthly happiness blighted by that vast category of sin and shame which all the concentrated wisdom of legislation has hitherto been unable to prevent.

The political nonentity of woman is of modern origin, since, under the institutions of the old world, she enjoyed certain political rights as a princess, but was denied them as one of the common people. That a nation which made the first great, impartial declaration of human rights, in the presence of the world, should institute a form of government withholding those rights on the broadest scale from one half its subjects, must be regarded as one of those anomalies that mark every epoch in the history of mankind,—awaiting another step of progress to consign it to the annals of the past. The unerring voice of history points her out subject to the same standard by which man is judged, whenever she has acted on the theatre of the world. It detracts nothing from the virtues and sagacity of a Zenobia because she was a woman, nor abates aught of its censure for the vices of a Cleopatra on account of her sex; while the courage and patriotism of a Joan of Arc cause many a conservative mind almost to forget the superstitious enthusiasm that inspired her ardor, and led her on to victory, and he unconsciously endorses all that we claim. It is not for woman as a politician that we are contending, but for woman as an equal, as a human being, worthy to be trusted with the care of herself, capable of determining her own sphere of duty and pleasure, safely trusting the instinct of a mother's love, and a wife's devotion to the welfare of her home and children.

Much is truly said of the beauty of those private virtues that seek no wider sphere of action than is already afforded them in the broad fields of benevolence that lie around us on every side. Far be it from me to be in the least insensible to that noble, self-sacrificing spirit that presents life a worthy offering at the shrine of duty, wherever the calls of suffering humanity demand; and, shunning the broad glare of the world, pursues its silent path, unknown, unobserved, save by the thousand hearts it has blessed on earth, and the recording angel in heaven. Beyond this, she may possess an original, comprehensive mind, searching out the hidden causes of existing evils, no more content with the alleviation of present suffering than Luther could be satisfied with the daily ministrations of love and mercy performed by many a pious monk and venerable father of his time, in the midst of the vices of the Romish Church; while superstition, resting like a nightmare on the souls of the people, was crushing out that vital moral instinct necessary for their physical and moral regeneration.

It is a universal law of nature, that in proportion to our own freedom is the comparative extent of our influence, both as individuals and as nations. To this must be ascribed the apparent want of talent or energy, sometimes attributed to woman, because she has not exerted more influence as a moral or intellectual agent, where her faculties were not actually circumscribed by law. But what law has failed to accomplish, public opinion has more than consummated. It has sealed her lips so effectually, that the most crying evils of our time fail to call forth her condemnation of them. Where is that voice that should speak with the eloquence that only a mother's undying love can inspire, in the presence of the haggard, guilty form that once gambolled around her in the sprightly innocence of childhood, animated by the ghastly fragment of a soul once radiant with love and buoyant with hope? Silent as the grave.

The impossibility of enlisting her sympathy as a mother for the helpless babe, torn from the maternal embrace by the laws of this Christian land, or arousing her religious sentiment in behalf of the million souls on our own soil, doomed to worse than heathen darkness, are melancholy facts in the daily experience of the fearless few who have dared to brave public opinion, and defy law itself, that they might plead the cause of those who cannot plead for themselves. This arises, not from any want of the common sympathies of humanity, but from her isolated position as a negative member of society. Sharing none of the responsibility that enacts injustice into a law, and transforms vice into virtue, she naturally turns from the contemplation of miseries she cannot avert, because she sees no channel through which her influence can be felt. It would be little that your Sumners or your Giddingses could accomplish, were it not for the great magnetic heart of the nation on which they act, echoing their sentiments with a million voices, and striving to organize them into institutions. The genius of Mrs. Stowe, though it has penetrated and electrified the remotest corner of the civilized world, can only *portray* social wrongs; she cannot reach those deeper channels of human thought that lie at the basis of the social edifice, because the ban resting on all her sex cripples her influence as an individual, and deprives her of that medium through which she would stereotype her principles into the national conscience.

Let that State which kindled a revolution with the democratic idea that taxation and representation are inseparable, and now protests the most loudly against an usurpation that seeks to force on the people of a western territory a legislation in which they can have no voice, strike from its own statute-book an usurpation still more absurd, compelling woman, nurtured on her own soil, and breathing the air of her institutions, to contribute to the support of a government which may annihilate her individuality, or enlist border-ruffianism under its banner at its pleasure, while she has no more power to prevent it than the Hungarian peasant or Russian serf. If she is worthy to suffer on the virgin soil of Kansas in the defence of an immortal principle for which you are so ready to applaud her, she is worthy to incorporate that principle into the framework of our institutions at home. In the name of that divine and eternal principle, which, in different degrees of development, has been the secret main-spring to carry triumphantly forward every effort for the elevation of the race, the birthright of every soul to all the rights and privileges which nature can confer, and to which its own inherent powers entitle it, we call on you to confer on woman the elective franchise, to abolish a proscription that for man to perpetuate and woman to endure is to dwarf the soul, created by Infinite Wisdom to be limited only by its highest aspirations, and defraud the world by excluding from its councils the powers and experience of one half the human race. Give free scope to that intellect, which, in spite of the obstacles that surround it, at times gleams forth so vigorous as to prove its own kindred origin with the master minds of the world, but far oftener, cramped and distorted, is finally smothered, until Death comes a welcome messenger to set it free from the fetters that bind it on earth. Cannot He who created the human soul, and bade it range the infinite, control it in its workings, and guide it in the sphere it is destined to fill? If he has conferred on man and woman alike the same power to feel, think and act, certainly neither has a right to say to the other, 'Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther.' Let those who accuse her of frivolity first give her an equal opportunity for the employment of those powers which, if excluded from worthy pursuits, will certainly be devoted to unworthy ones. To you, then, as the present guardians of the interests of this Commonwealth, we now commend this cause, confident that whatever of indifference or apathy it may receive from you, it is none the less sure of ultimate success, because it is divine in its origin, and triumphant in its destiny.

SARAH E. WALL.

Worcester, Mass., 1857.

NEW YORK CENTRAL COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR:

We think but few of your readers are acquainted with the plan and operations of New York Central College, hence but few can feel its pressing claims upon them.

This Institution was founded about eight years ago, to establish a system of education that should offer equal facilities to all classes and colors, of both sexes. Such being its great designs, it has not suddenly worked itself, like some other institutions, into popular favor. It cannot boast of a large number of students, but it may properly boast of a *class* of students that any one might feel proud to aid up the hill of science. Young men and women come here, whose pecuniary resources are not at all commensurate with the desire of their heart and their acknowledged ability, to acquire a thorough and practical education. They find encouragement to labor with their hands, sympathy in their sacrifices, and respect for their self-denial. Thus they are not annoyed by the spirit of caste, but feel happy in their efforts to strengthen their God-given faculties.

This Institution has claims upon a generous public:

1. Because it is thoroughly Anti-Slavery in its character. The colored student is not only admitted, but admitted on terms of perfect equality with the white student. One of its primary designs was to benefit and elevate the despised race. A goodly number of such students are in attendance, enjoying all the privileges of the Institution,—preparing themselves to show that color has nothing to do in making a true man.

This Institution has peculiar claims upon the Anti-Slavery portion of the community, because of its Anti-Slavery features, which drive from it those who are not yet prepared to acknowledge the brotherhood of the human family.

Again, it has claims upon the public, because of the superior advantages it grants to females. They are permitted to enter the Collegiate department, and pursue all the branches pursued by male students. They are encouraged and expected to appear on the stage with essays, declamations and orations. They are also encouraged to take part in all the exercises of the literary societies, debates not excepted. This experiment, in its results, has more than satisfied the friends of the Institution, who are permitted, on commencement and other important occasions, to see ladies on the rostrum, as successful competitors with gentlemen, both as to the matter of their productions and the manner of delivering them.

Again, the Institution is entirely unsectarian; we mean, it is under the control of no sect. This is true of no other reform Institution. While it is anti-sectarian, it is earnestly devoted to Christianity and the cultivation of genuine piety in the heart. It faithfully inculcates that it is the whole duty of man to obey God and keep his commandments. Let the patriotic, noble-hearted, and humanity-loving remember that, because the Institution is the fostered child of no sect, it can only make appeals for its support to those in or out of sects, who love God and man.

The Agricultural department must not be overlooked, for in this all cannot but be deeply interested. The laboring class, the most honorable of all classes, may feel assured that here a desire to labor both for health and pecuniary aid does not in the least detract from the standing and respectability of the student. Labor is honorable. Let our institutions of learning so regard it, and soon all will feel it is dignified to labor. Hundreds of students, possessing the first order of talent, are hurrying themselves to a premature grave, simply for the want of bodily exercise. There is a farm of seventy-five acres connected with the Institution, designed for the benefit of students and the development of agricultural science. This land has been a source of pecuniary aid to students in the past, and we hope it will be much more so in the future.

Heretofore, this Institution has received but little aid from the public. Efforts are being made to endow it. Great sacrifices have already been made by a few individuals. Let the friends of freedom every where lend a helping-hand, and an Institution will be permanently established that will regard not only the intellectual, but the moral and physical man. We ask for the sympathy and coöperation of all who have at heart the welfare of our race. L. G. C.

BOSTON, Nov. 26, 1856.

MR. CALKINS, President of N. Y. Central College:

MY DEAR SIR,—When I was at your Institution last summer, I was much delighted with what I saw and heard. I admired the diligence of the young people I talked with, as well women as men; and the heroic efforts they were making to obtain a superior education, not only for the mind, but also for the higher faculties of our nature. I was surprised also at the self-denial of the officers of the college, who were working with so humble means of support. It seemed to me you needed only the material basis of money to make your college a very noble institution,—the element yet more difficult to secure you had already. I do not often lament the absence of wealth, but when I saw how much a little money would do for you, I confess I did wish to be rich, that I might command my dollars to become wisdom, justice, benevolence, piety,—manly and womanly excellence in many a form. I do not know where more good may be done with a little money.

I wish I could do something to help you, but, alas! I can only write and speak. Yet with heartiest good wishes for the success of your college and its pupils, believe me, Respectfully and truly,

Yours, THEODORE PARKER.

PETERBORO', Oct. 21, 1856.

PRESIDENT CALKINS:

MY DEAR SIR,—I rejoice to hear that the Institution over which you have the honor to preside is increasingly prosperous. Central College cannot fail to commend itself to all right-minded persons. The peculiar principles on which it is founded will, in a better day, be common to all schools. The admission of females to an equality with males, and of colored persons to an equality with white persons, will not always be strange.

Very respectfully, your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

PLEASE TO READ THIS ALOUD.

We appeal to you, reader, in behalf of the Library of New York Central College. We should not thus come before you were we not justified by the character and impelled by the circumstances of the Institution.

New York Central College was not founded exclusively for you or for us, for man or for woman, for white or for black, for Baptist or for Universalist, for rich or for poor, but for ALL, without distinction of sex, color, creed or circumstances. Here the child of poverty was to be as welcome as the child of wealth; the subject of prejudice was to be received as cordially as the possessor of public regard; those whom the older and more popular institutions either rejected or treated with painful indifference, were to enjoy the same privileges with those whom fortune or fashion favored. And so, for eight years, it has been. All, without invidious distinction, have been welcomed, and have enjoyed equal facilities for cultivating their intellects and elevating their moral natures. But we are poor; we cannot, unaided by you who sympathise with us, build up this Institution so that it shall accomplish all the good it ought to and might accomplish.

Nearly every member of its Faculty is sacrificing four hundred dollars yearly to promote its interests. We ask you, if need be, to sacrifice *one dollar* yearly, not for *us*, but for the purpose of enlarging our Library. We need it sadly, for our Library is small, and a full Library is one of the most important requisites for an institution of learning.

Do not suffer us to appeal in vain. It is not a *personal* matter. Any of us could easily obtain lucrative situations elsewhere. We wish you to feel deeply, as we feel, how necessary it is that an Institution of the character and possible usefulness of this Institution should be sustained, and enabled to accomplish its high mission.

Hardly one of you who read this is so poor that he cannot afford one dollar a year for this object. The plan is for each one to forward to the Librarian of N. Y. Central College a pledge to give one dollar or more yearly, for five years, for the purpose of increasing the College Library. A register will be kept of the names of the donors, and the amount given.

Now, without waiting to seek excuses for not thus aiding, pledge yourself, and procure the pledges of all who hear you. Do not fail to give because we do not personally know many of you; the dollar should be given with a right spirit, and whether or not you give, *One* knows, whose favor infinitely outweighs all human regard.

Know that the giving of this one dollar yearly will hardly be felt by *you*, but will be of incalculable benefit to *us*.

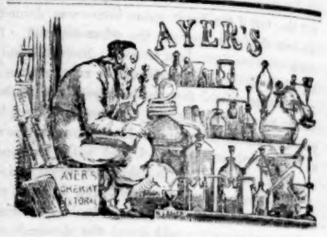
Know, also, that the blessing of the Highest is promised to those who perform deeds of benevolence with an acceptable spirit.

Acknowledgment of pledges received will be made through the columns of THE LIBERATOR. For *this* year, it would be easier, perhaps, for many to enclose the dollar in the letter forwarding the pledge. Other years, the amount may be sent on the first of January.

For the Faculty, and in behalf of the Library of N. Y. Central College,

AZARIAH SMITH, *Librarian.*

McGrawville, Cortland Co., N. Y., Feb., 1857.



CATHARTIC PILLS

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, and, by restoring their irregular action to health, correct, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first causes of disease. An extensive trial of their virtues, by Professors, Physicians, and Patients, has shown cures of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief, were they not substantiated by persons of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Their certificates are published in my American Almanac, which the Agents below named are pleased to furnish free to all inquiring.

Annexed we give *Directions* for their use in the complaints which they have been found to cure.

FOR COSTIVENESS.—Take one or two pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. Costiveness is frequently the aggravating cause of PILES, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both. No person can feel well while under a costive habit of body. Hence it should be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, which is sometimes the cause of *Costiveness*, and always uncomfortable, take mild doses — from one to four — to stimulate the stomach and liver into healthy action. They will do it, and the *heartburn, bodyburn*, and *soulburn* of dyspepsia will rapidly disappear. When it is gone, don't forget what cured you.

FOR A FOUL STOMACH, or *Morbid Inaction of the Bowels*, which produces general depression of the spirits and bad health, take from four to eight Pills at first, and smaller doses afterwards, until activity and strength are restored to the system.

FOR NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, NAUSEA, *Pain in the Stomach, Back, or Side*, take from four to eight pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently, take more the next day until they do. These complaints will be swept out from the system. Don't wear these and their kindred disorders because your stomach is foul.

FOR SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, *and all diseases of the Skin*, take the Pills freely and frequently, to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will generally soon begin to diminish and disappear. Many dreadful ulcers and sores have been healed up by the purging and purifying effect of these Pills, and some disgusting diseases, which seemed to saturate the whole system, have completely yielded to their influence, leaving the sufferer in perfect health. Patients! your duty to society forbids that you should parade yourself around the world covered with pimples, blotches, ulcers, sores, and all or any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system wants cleansing.

TO PURIFY THE BLOOD, they are the best medicine ever discovered. They should be taken freely and frequently, and the impurities which sow the seeds of miserable diseases will be swept out of the system like chaff before the wind. By this property they do as much good in preventing sickness as by the remarkable cures which they are making every where.

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, *and all Bilious Affections* arise from some derangement — either torpidity, congestion, or obstructions of the Liver. Torpidity and congestion vitiate the bile, and render it unfit for digestion. This is disastrous to the health, and the constitution is frequently undermined by no other cause. Indigestion is the symptom. Obstruction of the duct which empties the bile into the stomach causes the bile to overflow into the blood. This produces Jaundice, with a long and dangerous train of evils. Costiveness, or, alternately, costiveness and diarrhœa, prevails. Fever ish symptoms, languor, low spirits, weariness, restlessness, and melancholy, with sometimes inability to sleep, and sometimes great drowsiness; sometimes there is severe pain in the side; the skin and the white of the eyes become a greenish yellow; the stomach acid; the bowels sore to the touch; the whole system irritable, with a tendency to fever, which may turn to bilious fever, bilious colic, bilious diarrhœa, dysentery, &c. A medium dose of three or four pills taken at night, followed by two or three in the morning, and repeated a few days, will remove the cause of all these troubles. It is wicked to suffer such pains when you can cure them for 25 cents.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, *and all Inflammatory Fevers* are rapidly cured by the purifying effects of these Pills upon the blood and the stimulus which they afford to the vital principle of Life. For these and all kindred complaints they should be taken in mild doses, to move the bowels gently, but freely.

As a DINNER PILL, this is both agreeable and useful. No pill can be made more pleasant to take, and certainly none has been made more effectual to the purpose for which a dinner pill is employed.

PREPARED BY

J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist,
LOWELL, MASS.,
AND SOLD BY

THEODORE METCALF & CO., BREWER, STEVENS & CUSHING, } *Boston;*
BROWN & PRICE, *Salem;*
H. H. HAY, *Portland;*
J. N. MORTON & CO., *Concord, N. H.;*

And by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine every where. D12 6m

Autobiography of a Female Slave.

FOR sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill—and also by PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Winter Street—the 'AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE'—published by REDFIELD, 34 Beekman street, New York—in one volume of 406 pages. Price $1 00.

This is one of the most thrilling, and, in view of the fact that it is from the pen of the daughter of a slaveholder, certainly the most remarkable of all the works that have appeared on the subject of slavery since the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It only needs to be known to secure for it an immense sale; and the attention of all who are working for the overthrow of the slave system is directed to it as worthy of their perusal and patronage. Help to circulate it far and wide, friends of freedom and humanity!

The *Christian Examiner*, for January, says—'Under the title of 'Autobiography of a Female Slave,' (12mo. pp. 406,) Redfield has published a work of great power and interest, whose contents painfully engage the tenderest sensibilities of the reader, when they do not stir his indignation, over the recital of the manifold atrocities and iniquities from the dark parents e of slavery. The subject of the book is evidently her own biographer only in the sense—but that in the best sense—of being the narrator of the personal experience which it presents. We have confidence in the truth of the narrative, and we ask for it its own just share in that fearfully momentous object of teaching and terrifying us all in view of the volcanic fires which are kindled beneath us.'

THOMAS RYAN

HAVING returned to Boston for the season, is prepared to resume his teaching of SINGING, PIANO, and THOROUGH BASS.

Residence, 15 Dix Place. Mr. R. visits pupils in Brookline twice a week.